

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO COMICS



10 CENTS
No. 1

From Riches To Rags

with
ABBOTT and COSTELLO

"I DIOT! Dope! Moron!" stormed Bud Abbott.

Lou Costello just smiled his big-baby smile. "I don't care *how* you flatter me," he said, "I'm *still* going into business!"

Abbott groaned. "Ooooh, murder! What're you using for brains?"

"Brains!" Costello replied brightly. "Just wait till I'm the Bubble Gum Baron. You'll be sorry you tried to discourage me."

"The *what*?" Abbott could scarcely believe his ears.

"The Bubble Gum Baron. Ya see, I just bought up five hundred dollars' worth of bubble gum. That's a lotta gum, Abbott. An' I'm gonna *sell* all of it!"

"What makes you so sure?" Abbott asked suspiciously.

"I'm only chargin' five cents a slice, that's what!"

"Well, what's so wonderful about that!"

"Gosh, Abbott you must be stupid!" Here Costello looked pityingly at his partner. "Don'tcha get it? I myself paid six cents a slice. It's a bargain. The kids'll buy, buy, buy!"

"And you can say 'bye-bye' to your money, flattop! Don't you realize that you're paying *more* than your customers? Every single slice of bubble gum costs you, personally, a penny!"

Costello looked sadly at Abbott, shook his head and clucked. "Gee, you don't get it," he said finally. "It's the quantity, Abbott the *turnover*! What I lose on each slice, I make up buy selling a *lot*!"

Abbott stood up, looked coldly at Costello and said, "You'll lose your shirt!"

Two days later, in the office of Costello Enterprises, the little, chubby bus-

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

BUD ABBOTT LOU COSTELLO
MARJORIE MAIN

in

"THE WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP"

with

George Cleveland William Ching

Screenplay by

ROBERT LEES FREDERIC I. RINALDO
and **JOHN GRANT**

Based on a Story by

D. D. Beauchamp and William Bowers

Directed by **CHARLES T. BARTON**

Produced by **ROBERT ARTHUR**

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

inessman sat at his desk and moaned, "You were right! I did lose my shirt! I still can't understand it! Such a bargain, such a . . ."

Abbott was triumphant. "Ah!" he chorled. "Maybe this will teach you a lesson! I warned you Costello, that your hare-brained schemes would lead to ruin and disaster!"

"Yeah," sighed Costello. "That's why I decided on a *sure thing* this time!"

"Uh-oh!" Abbott shuddered. "Here we go again! Look, Costello, how many times must I . . ."

"You can't stop the spirit of enterprise!" exclaimed Costello, pounding his desk. "I am now in . . . the post office business!"

Abbott did a fast double take. "Give me that again!" he demanded.

"Sure," Costello exclaimed agreeably. "I figured out, all by myself, that the government is making plenty of cabbage by printing and selling stamps. So what did I do?"

"Don't tell me," wailed Abbott, covering his ears.

"I designed the new Costello stamp with a picture of me on it! I sell every stamp



THE WISTFUL WIDOW of WAGON GAP

ARIP ROARIN' STORY IN
4 BIG ROOTIN', TOOTIN',
SHOOTIN' PARTS!

INTRODUCTION

LET'S GO! HOLD
YOUR HATS!

A STAGE COACH
WITH TWO
PASSENGERS JOLTS
OVER A RUTTED
MOUNTAIN ROAD
TOWARD THE TOWN
OF WAGON GAP...A
BANG, BANG BURG
WHERE BULLETS ARE
PLENTY, NECKIN' IS
DONE WITH A ROPE
AND THE LIMB OF A
TREE, AND RATTLE
SNAKES, HORNED
TOADS AND
SCORPIONS ARE
SCARCE BECAUSE
KIDS CHAW THEM
FOR GUM!

BUT IT IS
STILL THREE
MILES TO
WAGON GAP!

YOU HEARD THE
MAN. THIS IS THE
END OF THE LINE!
GET OFF!

TO
WAGON
GAP
3 MI.

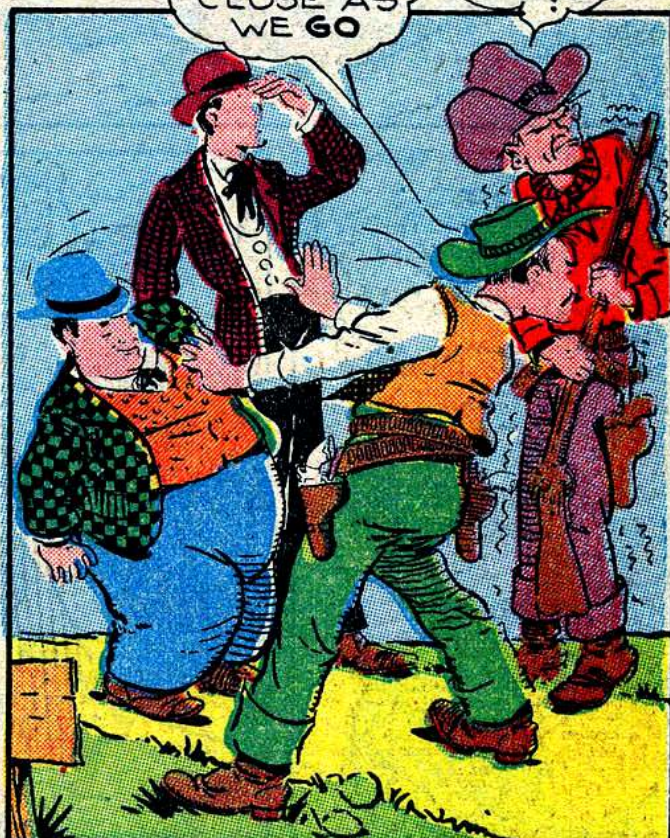
THEY
MUST BE
FIXIN' THE
PAVEMENT
OUT HERE, OR
SUMTHIN'!

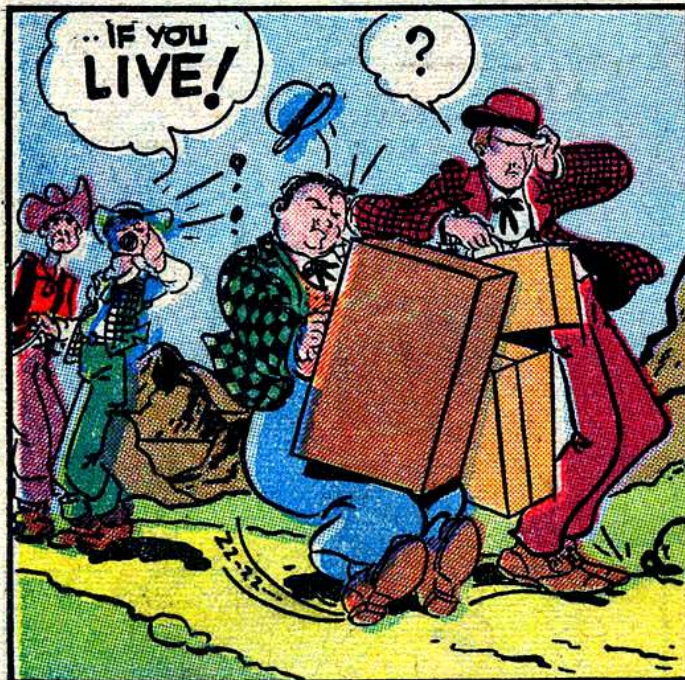
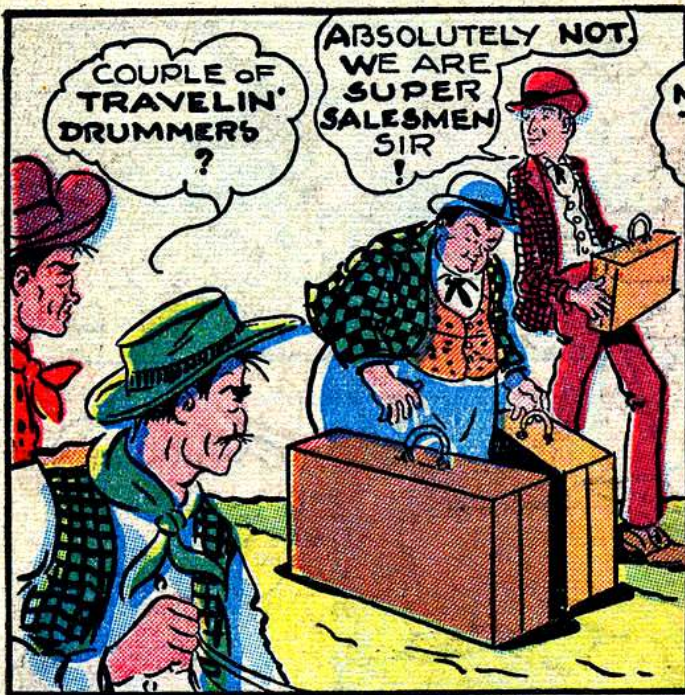
WHOA!
ALL
OUT FOR
WAGON
GAP!

SCRUNCH!

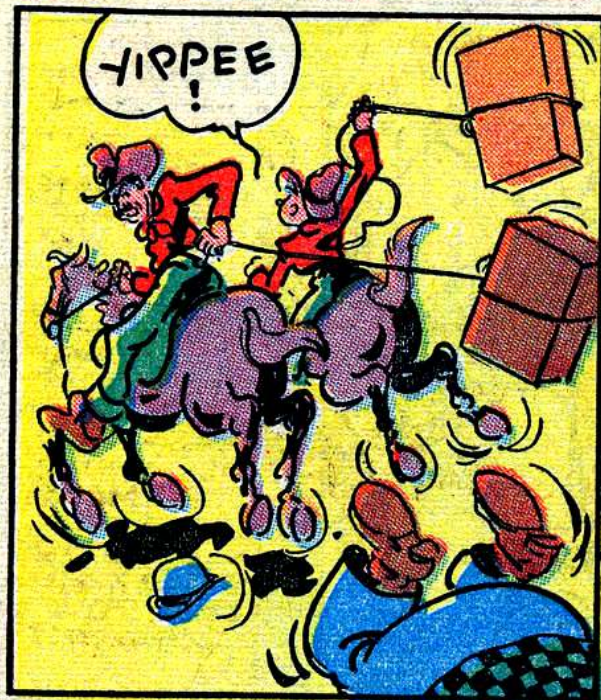
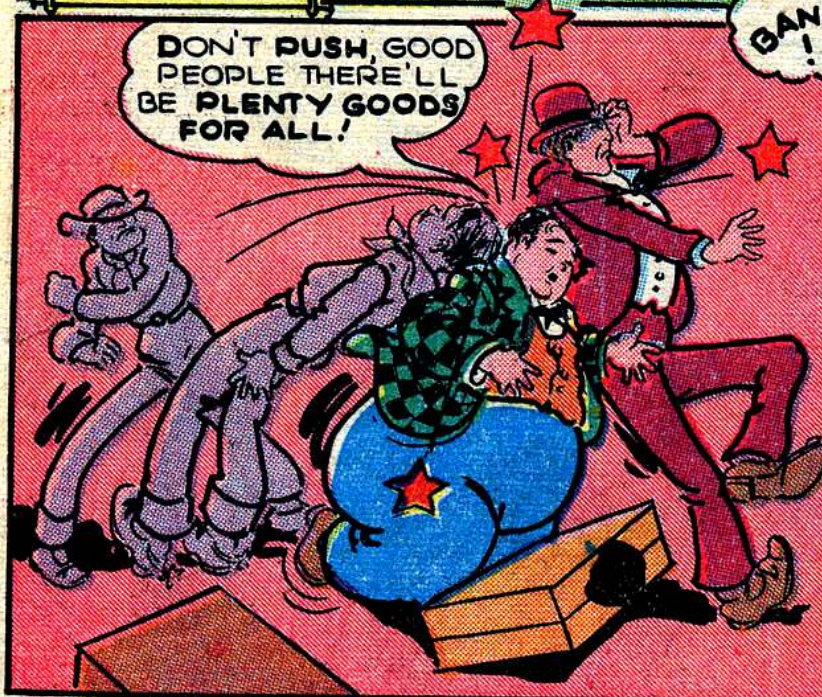
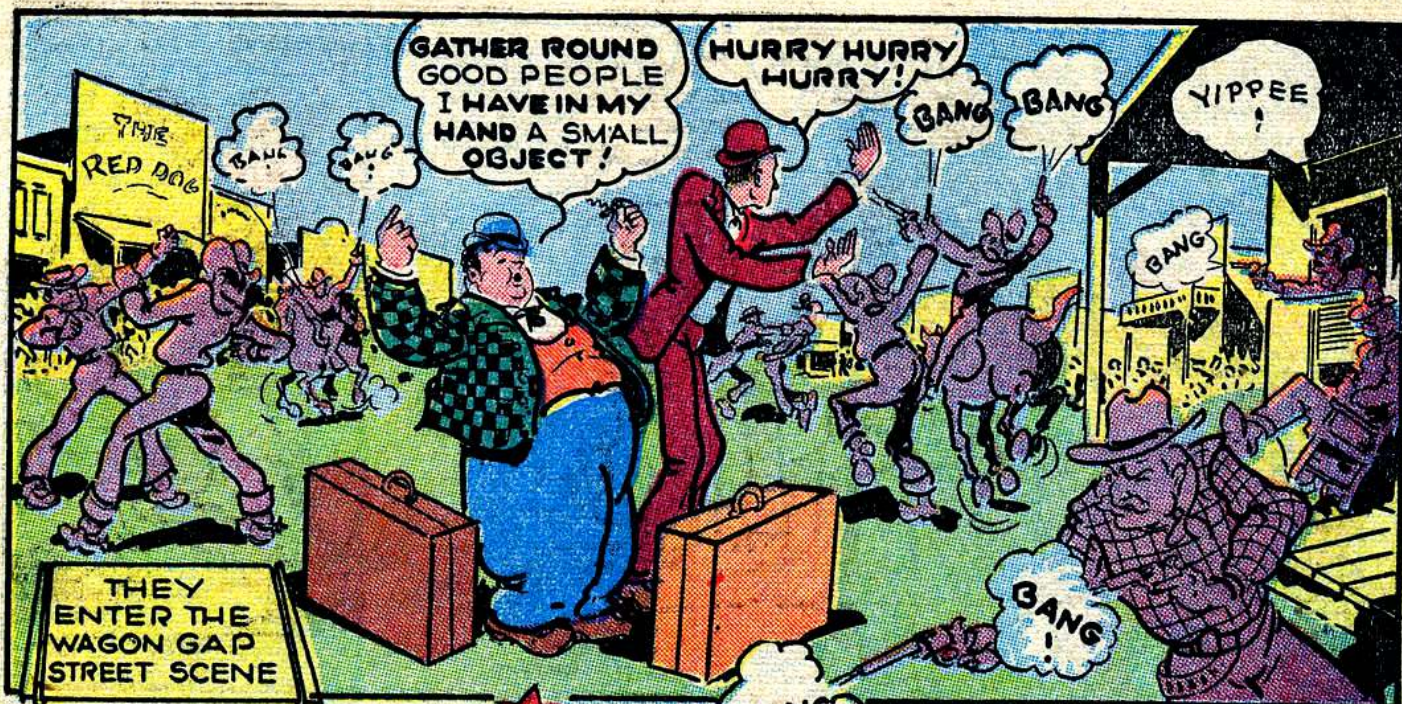
THA TOWN
IS TOO TOUGH!
THIS IS AS
CLOSE AS
WE GO

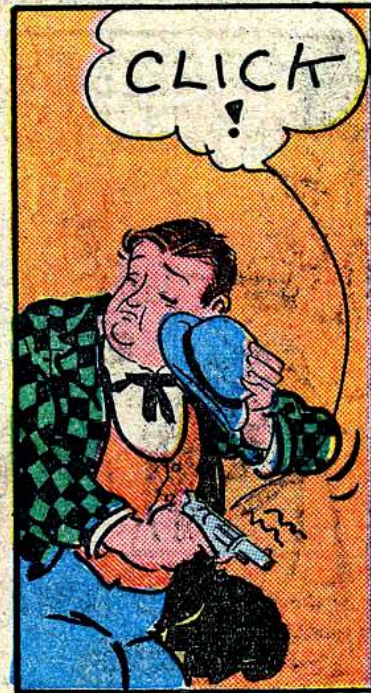
WE ARE
SKEERED
OF THE
PLACE!





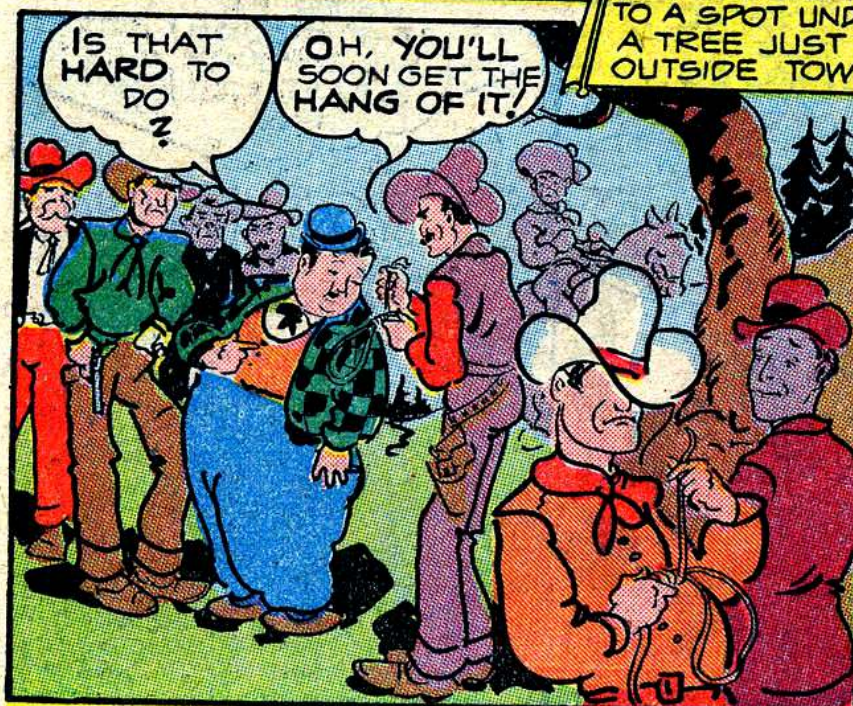
SAYS COSTELLO:
"WATCH ME SELL 'EM! SUPER SALESMAN COSTELLO THAT'S ME!"
"WE'LL SHOW 'EM WHAT HIGH POWER SELLIN' IS!"
"WAGON GAP FOLKS, HAVE YOUR MONEY READY! DON'T PUSH! THERE'S NO LIMIT TO A CUSTOMER!"

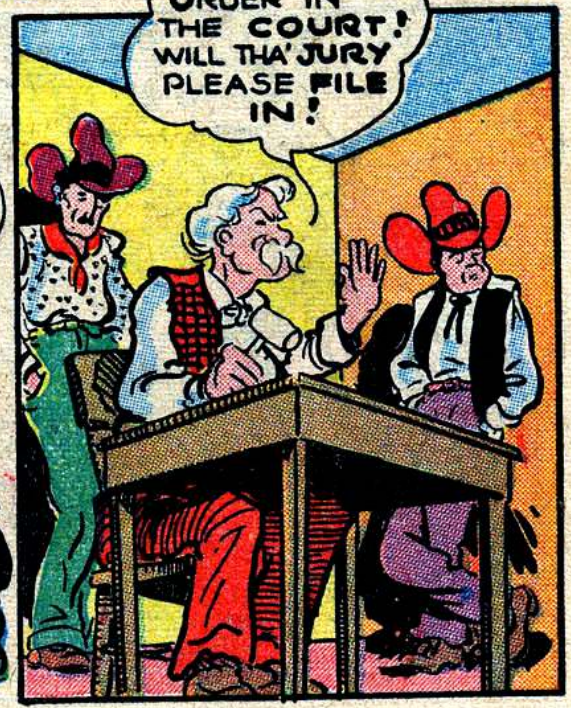
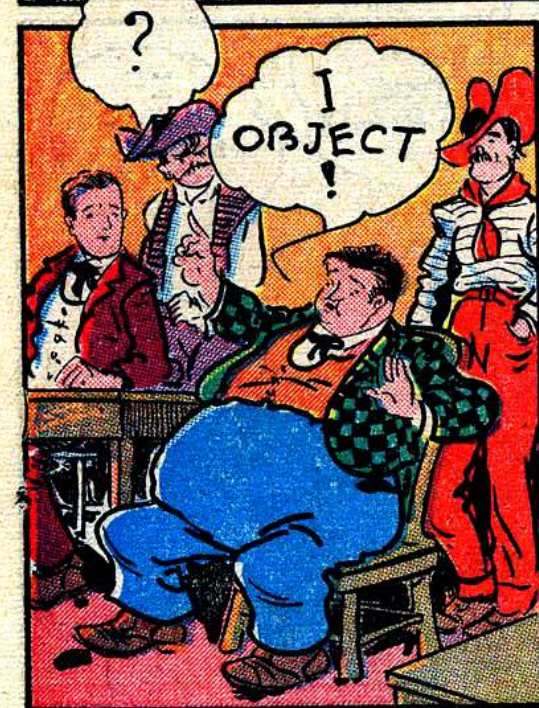
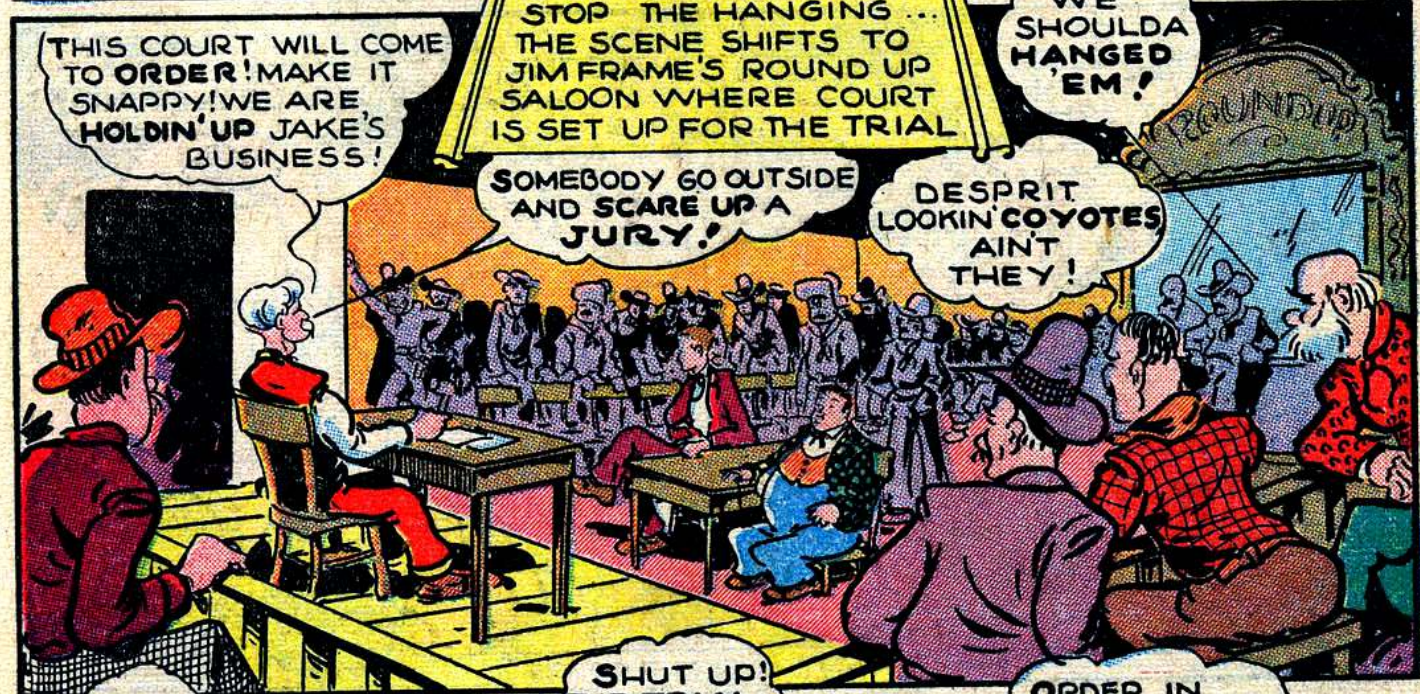
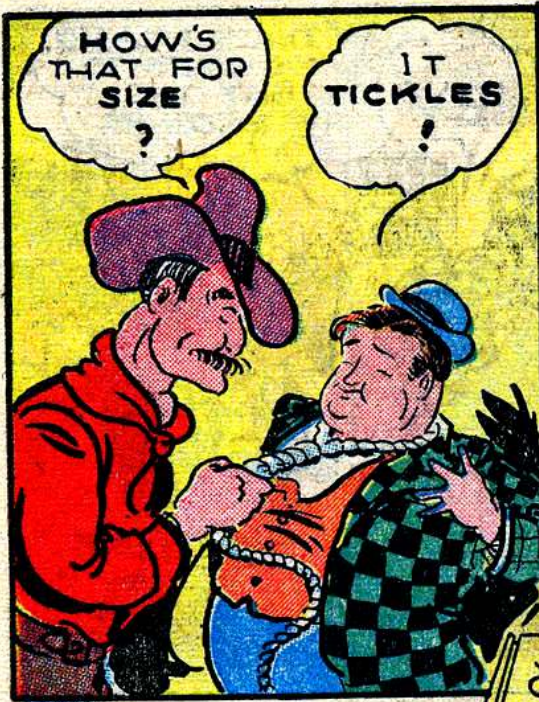


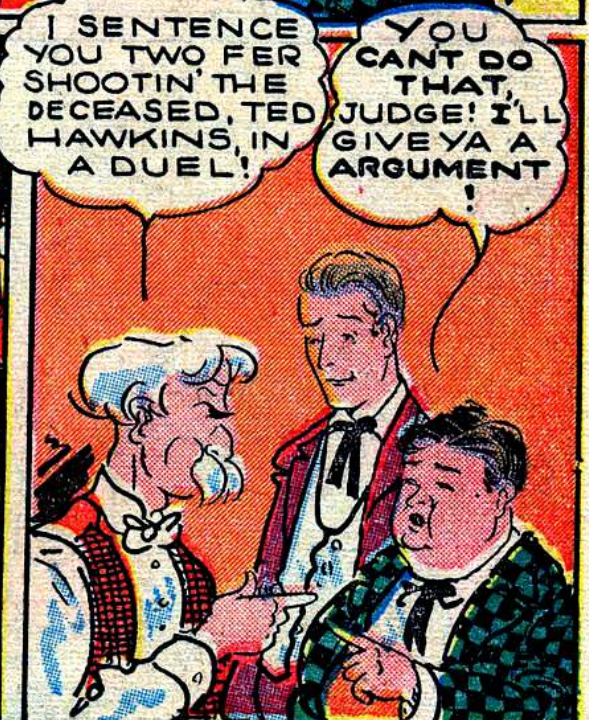
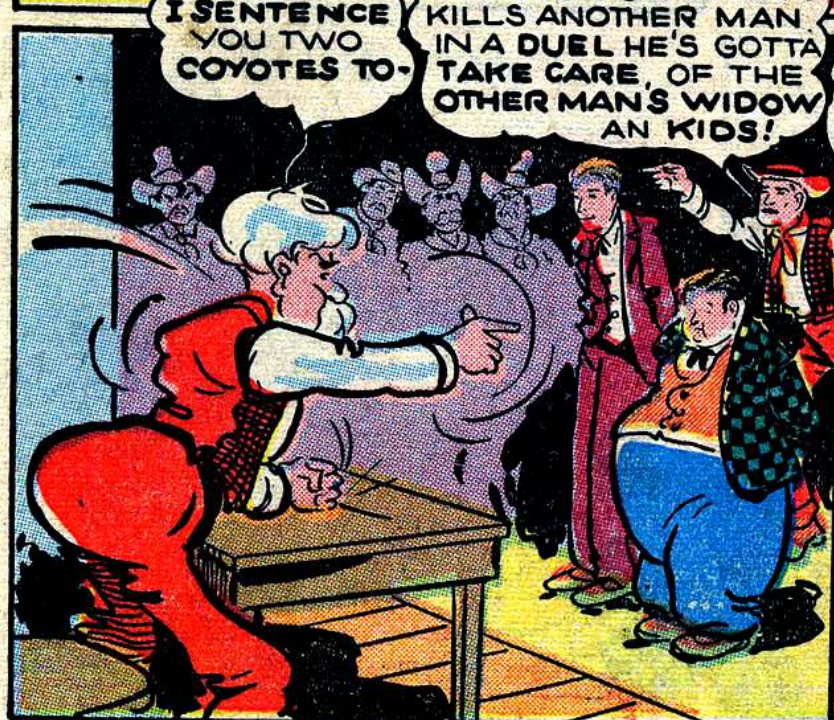
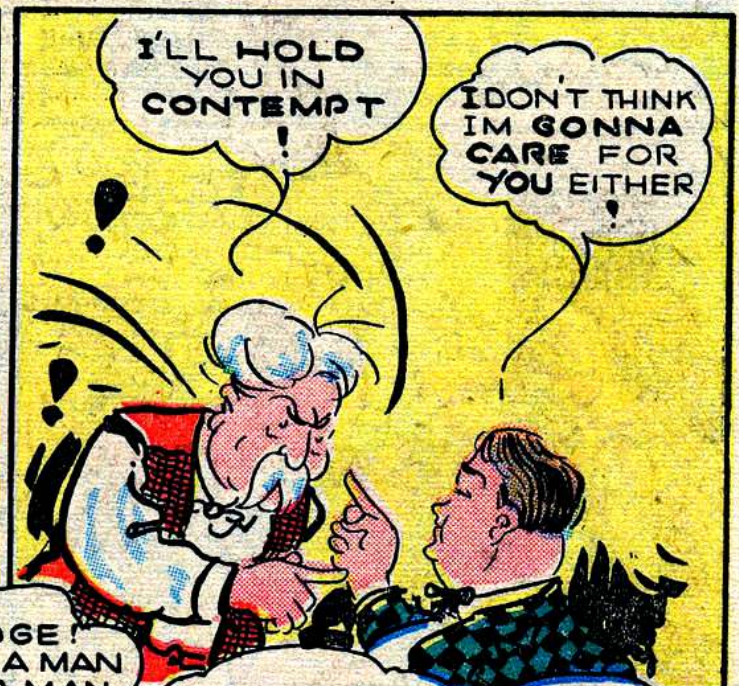
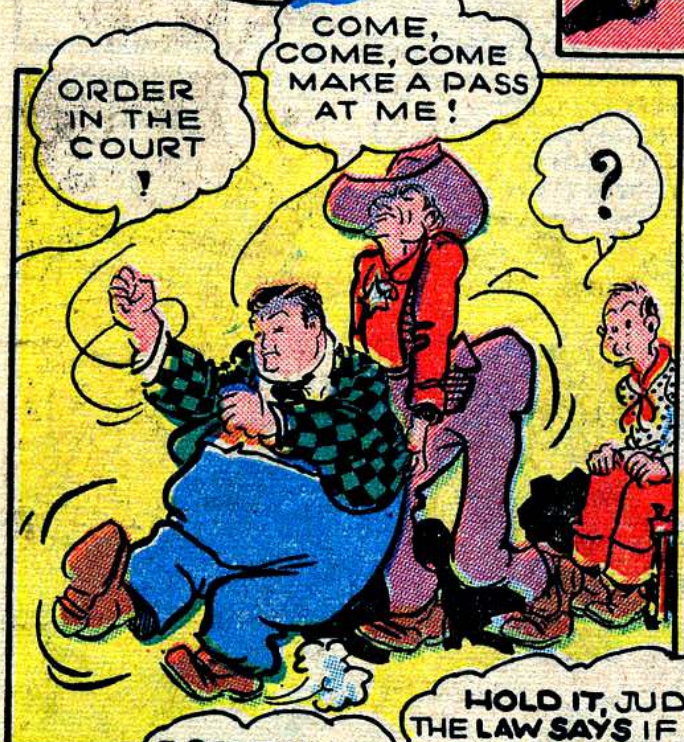
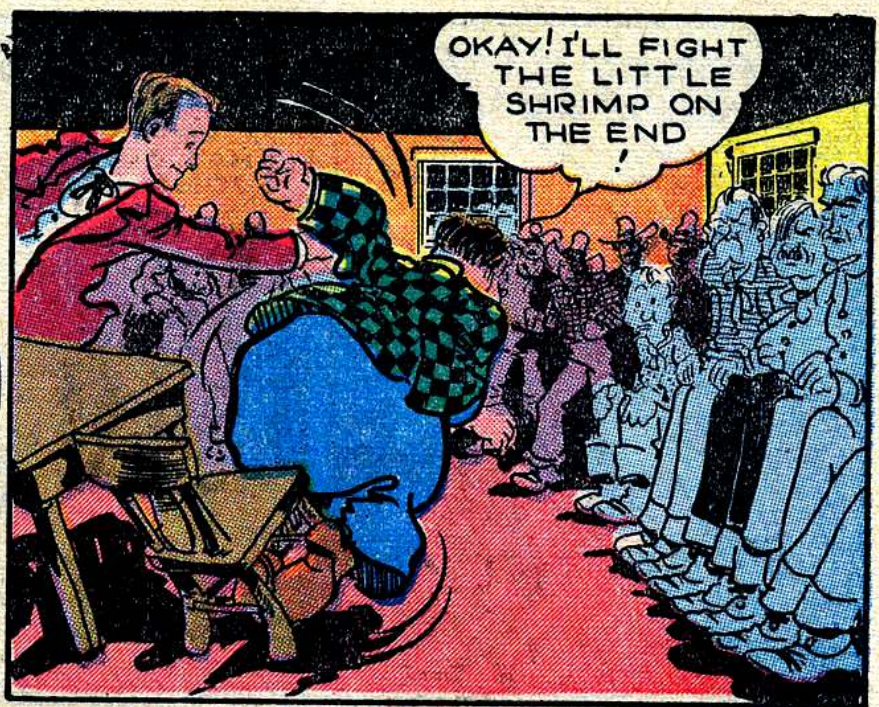




JAKE FRAME
OWNER OF
ROUND-UP
TAVERN
BOSS OF TOWN
GANGSTERS...



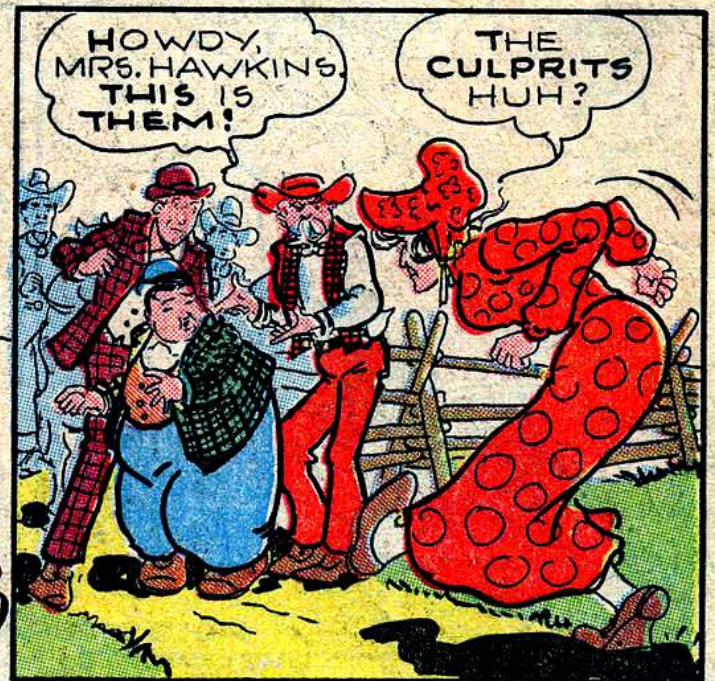
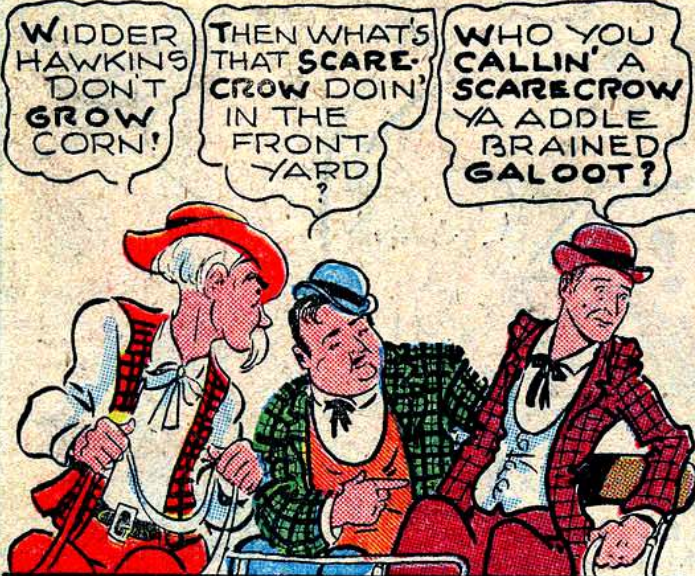
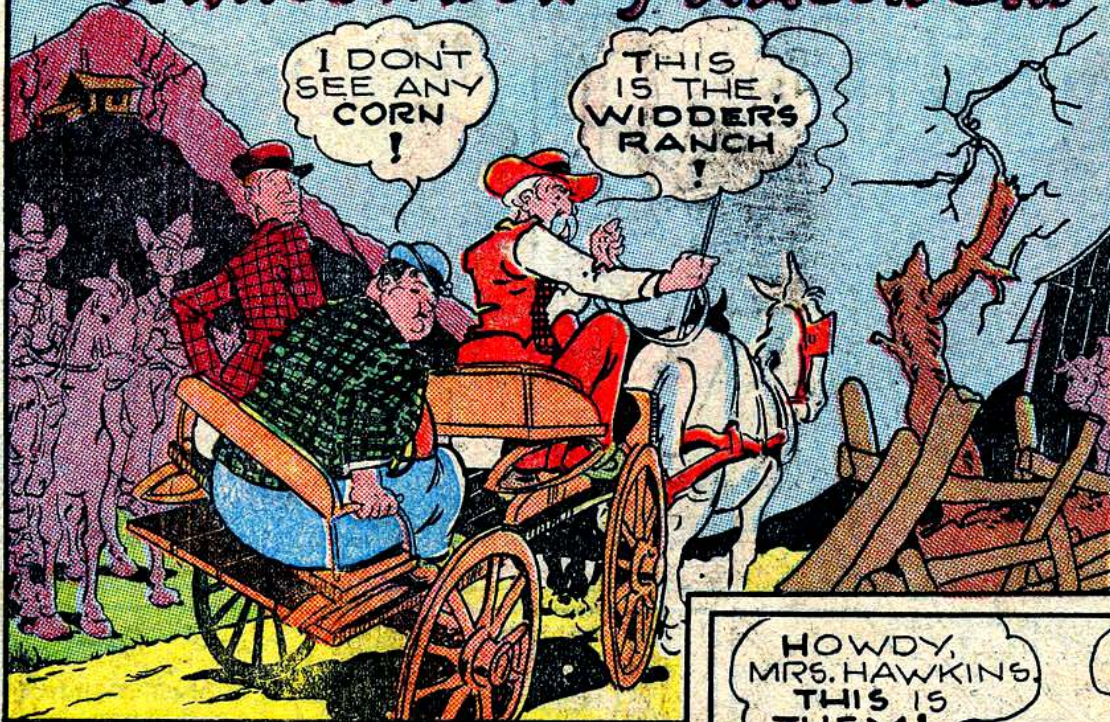


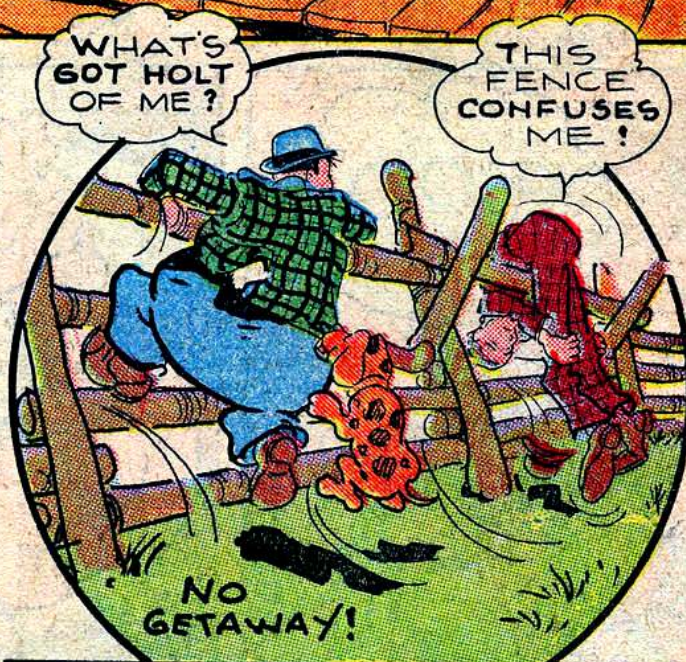
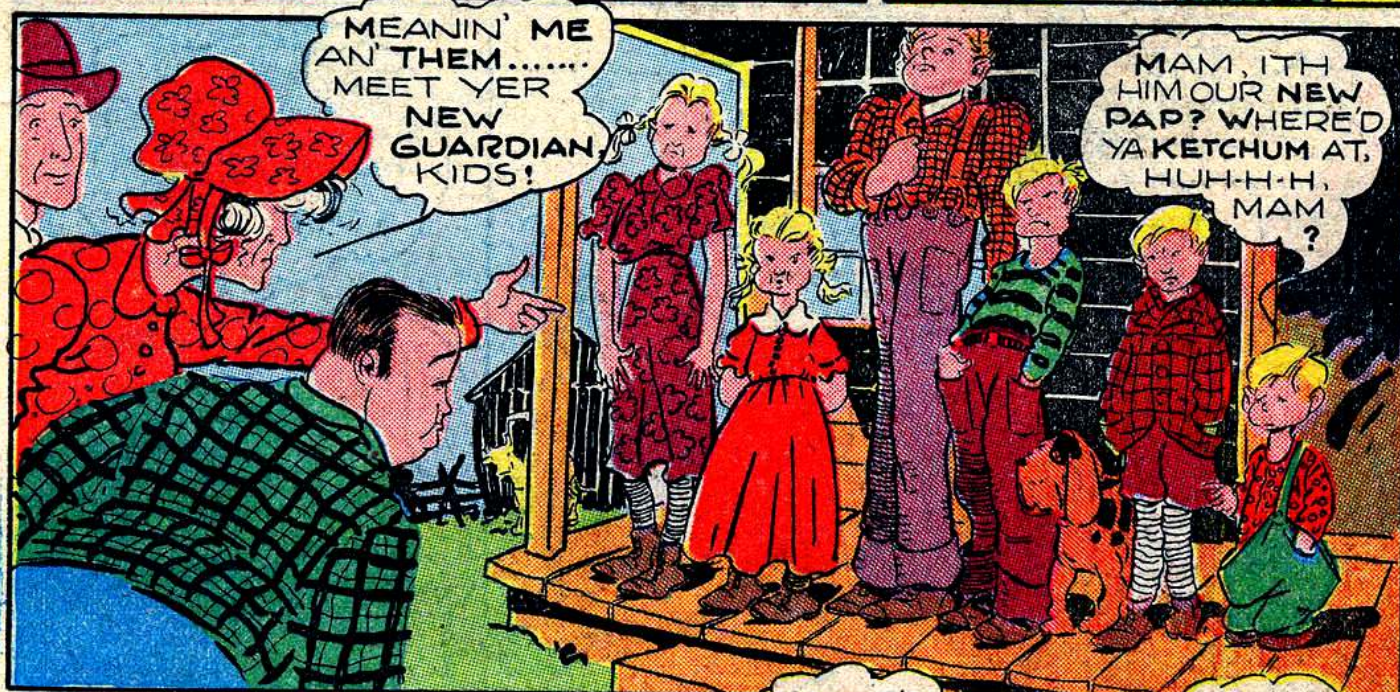
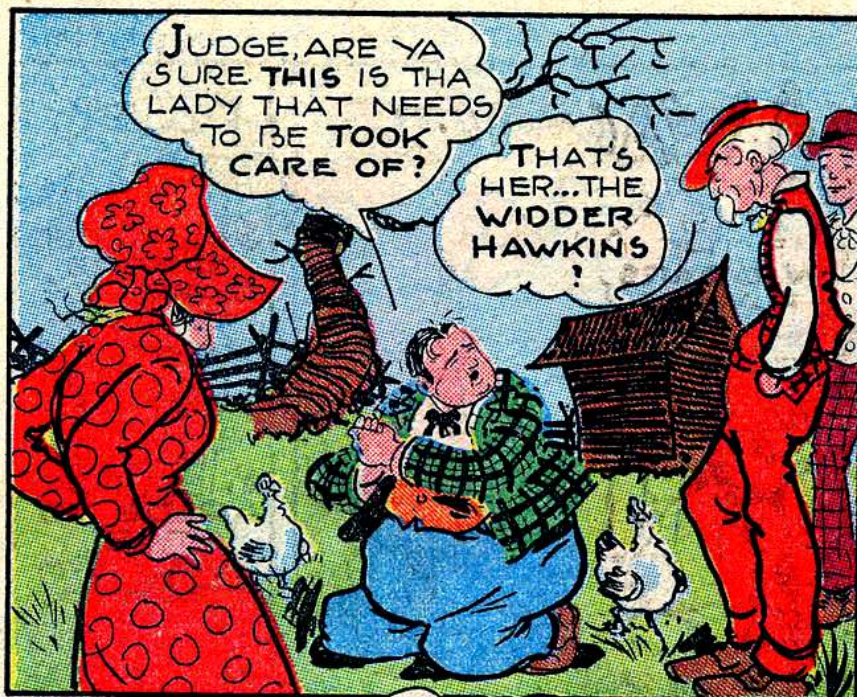


THE WISTFUL WIDOW & WAGON GAP

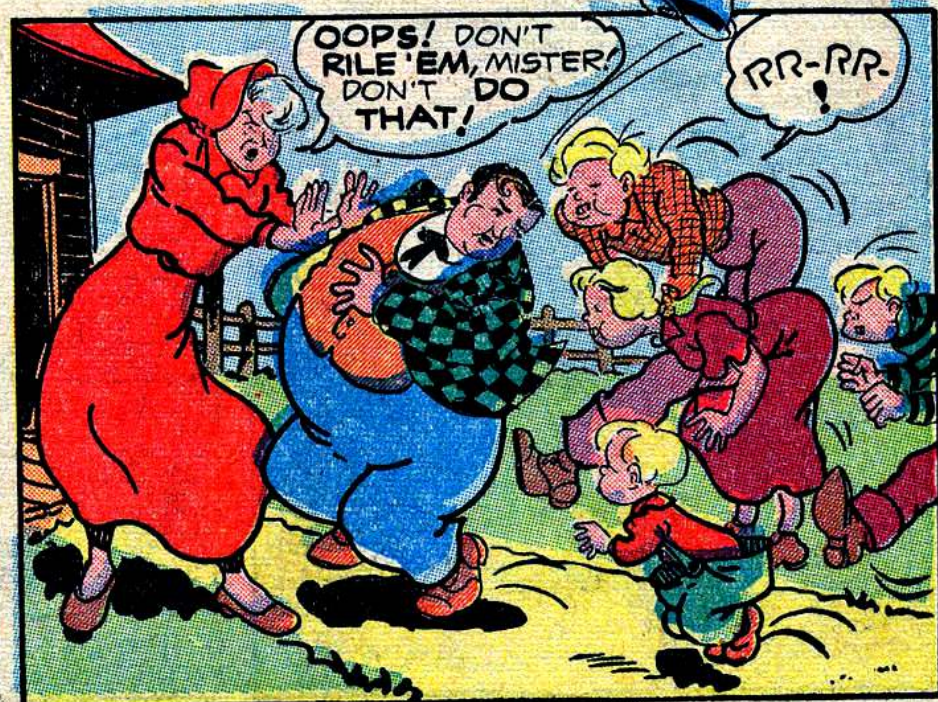
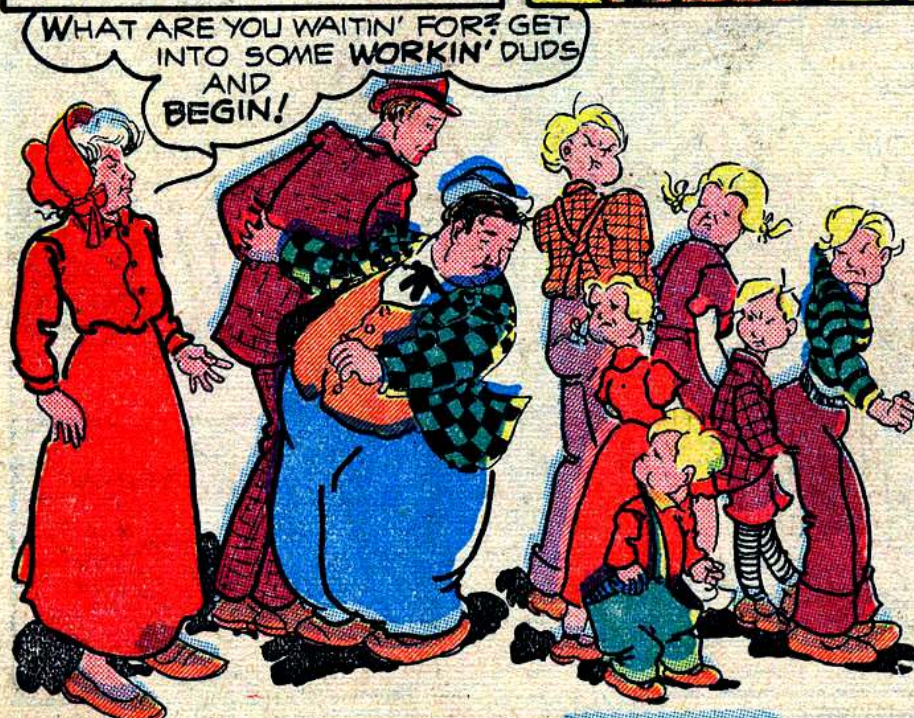
PART 2

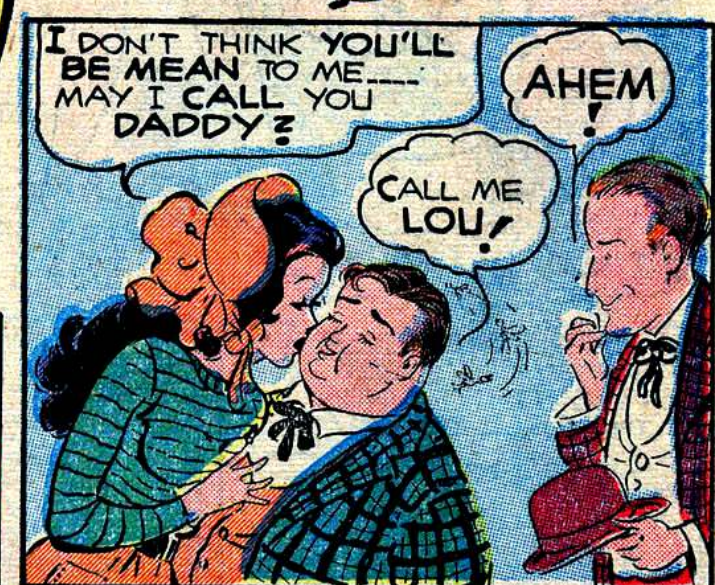
SENTENCED TO TAKE CARE OF WIDOW HAWKINS AND HER KIDS, THE JUDGE TAKES THEM FOR A RIDE TO THE WIDOWS RANCH!

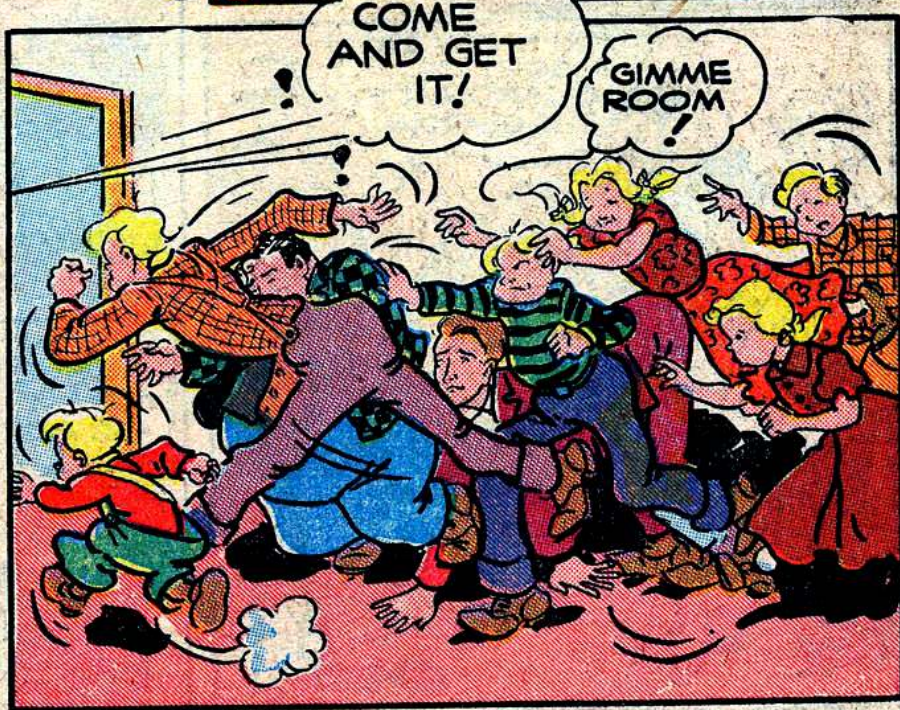
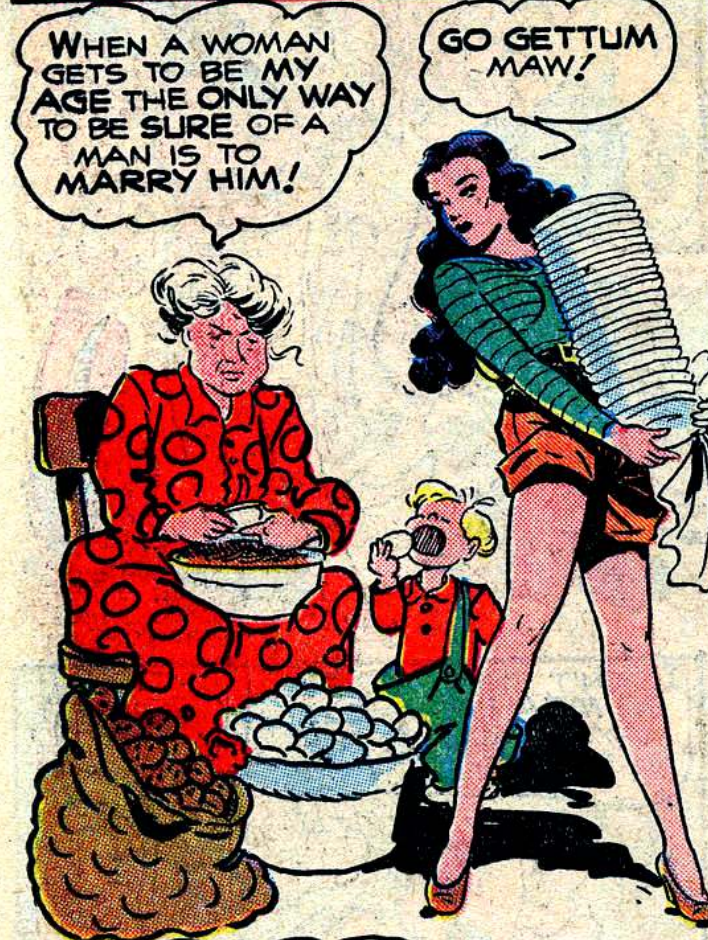




THE RANCH POOCH THROWS A COAT TAIL TACKLE ON COSTELLO..ABBOTT ALL TANGLED WITH RAIL FENCE







THEY MAKE IT TO THE TABLE, BUT THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...WATCH!

HAVE A SLICE OF BREAD, MR. COSTELLO?

OH, TANKS!

CROAK!

?

EXCUSE YOURSELF!

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

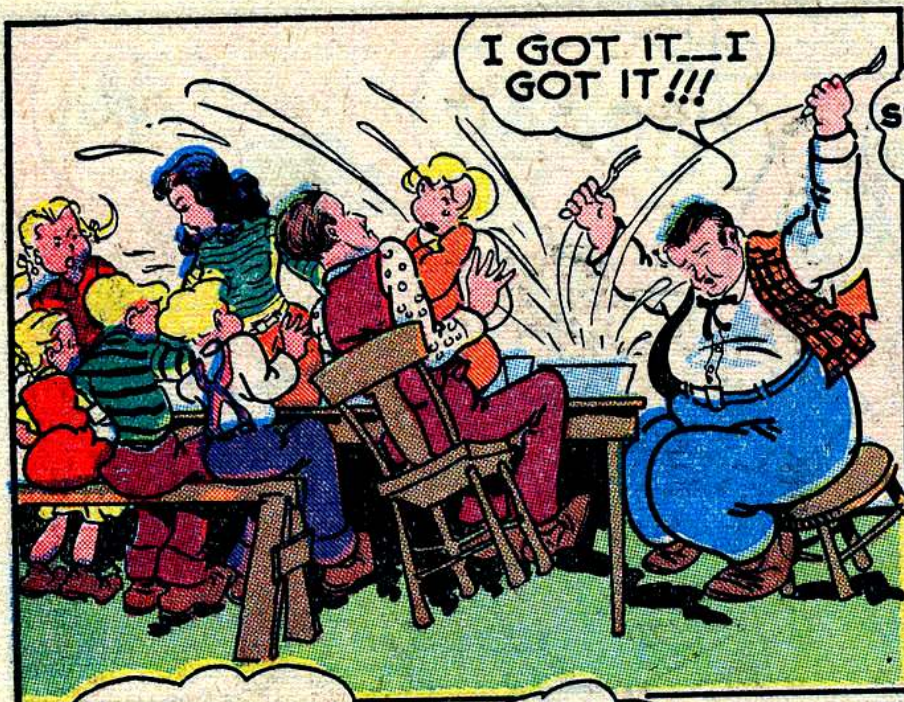
ALL RIGHT...BUT DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! NOW EAT YOUR SOUP!

OKAY, BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!

HUH, ME... I COULD WRITE A BOOK ON TABLE MANNERS!

CROAK!

SIGH!



I GOT IT... I GOT IT!!!

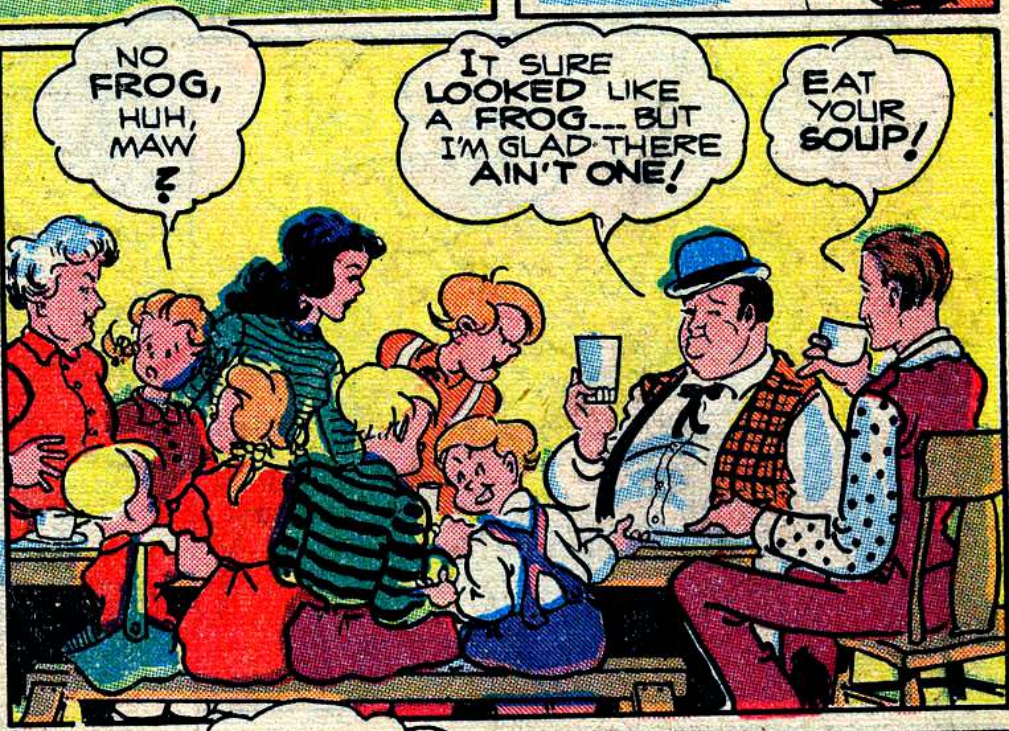


STOP SPLASHIN'!

I SEEN IT... I SEEN IT... IT POPPED UP AN' DOWN... THIS BIG!



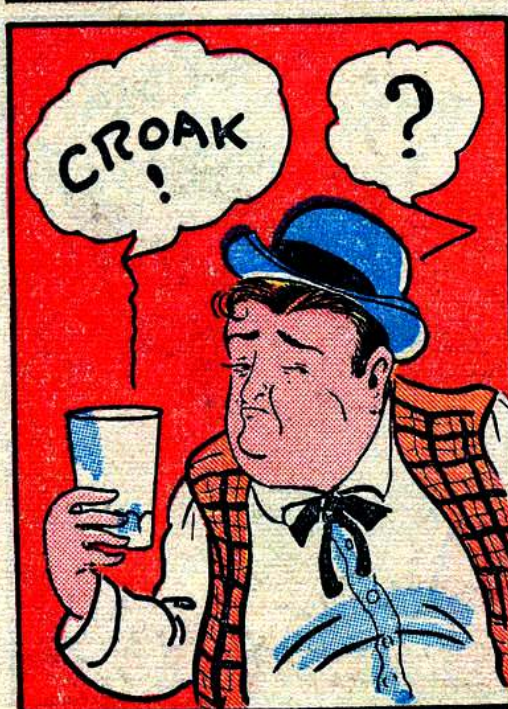
SEE THERE IS NOTHING IN THE SOUP BUT SOUP... THERE IS NO FROG!



NO FROG, HUH, MAW?

IT SURE LOOKED LIKE A FROG... BUT I'M GLAD THERE AIN'T ONE!

EAT YOUR SOUP!



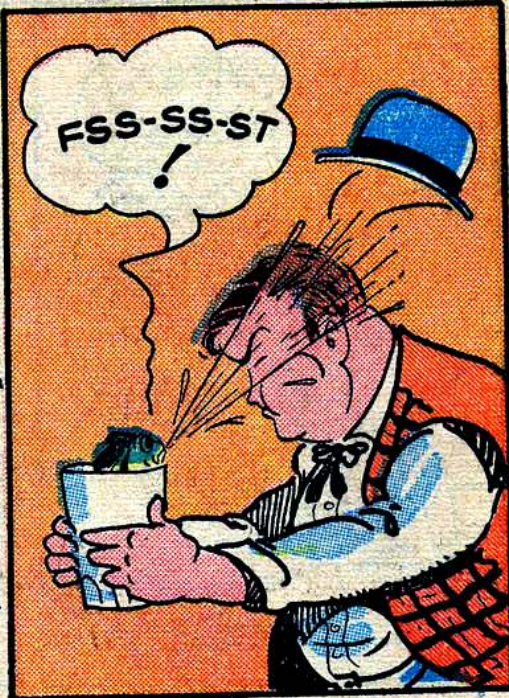
CROAK!

?

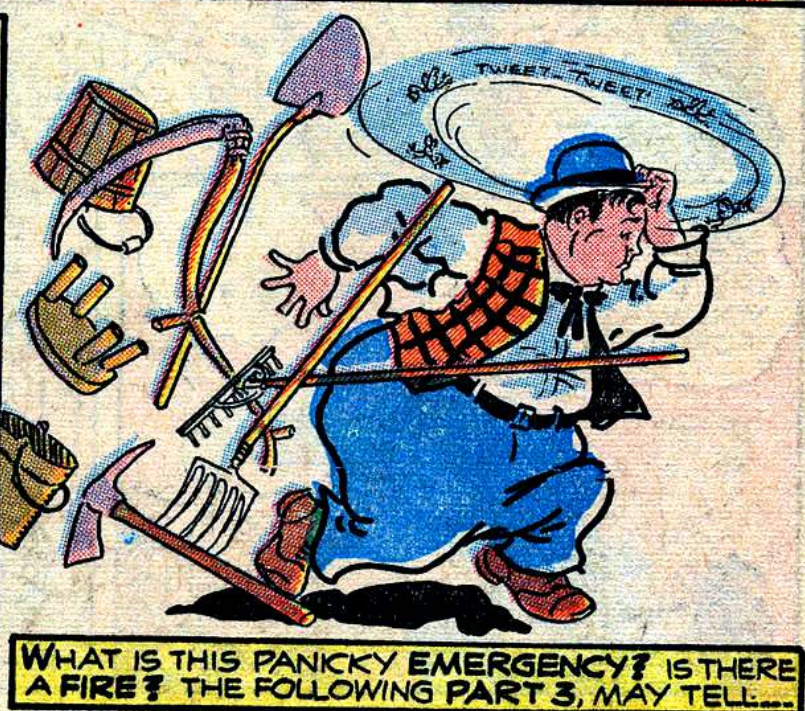
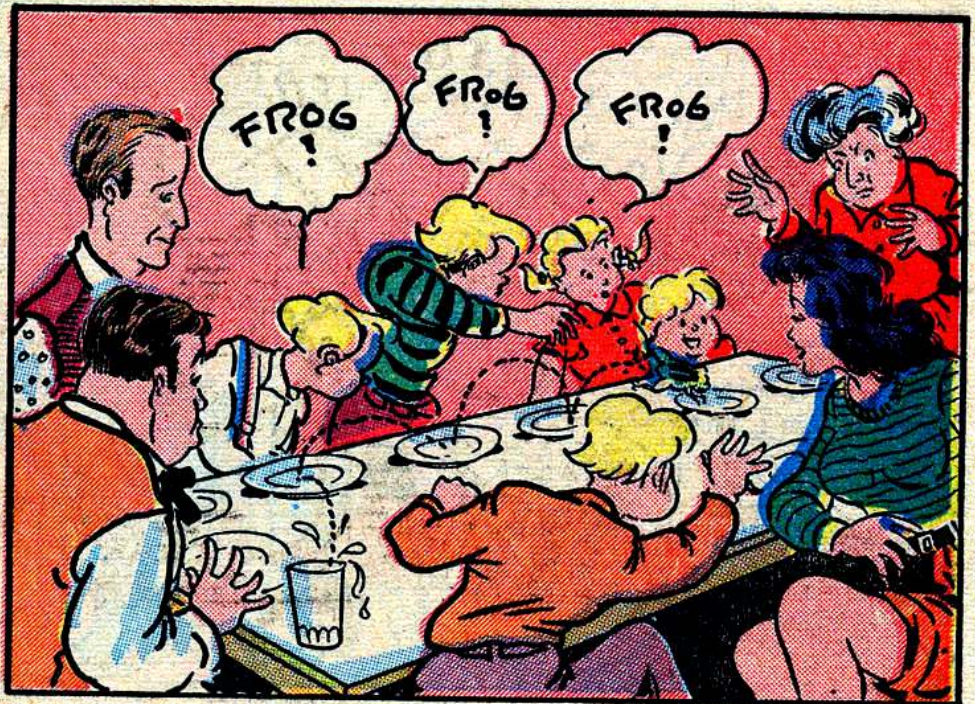


IKK... IKK... FFT... FFT... UKK... UKK... ABBOTT!

AND THEN!!



FSS-SS-ST!



THE WISTFUL WIDOW of WAGON GAP

PART 3



OH HELLO GUARDIAN DEAR. NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE! I WAS JUST LYING HERE THINKING ABOUT YOU!

OL' FORGETFUL ME! HERE YOU ARE ALL ALONE AN' ME NOT GUARDIN' YOU!

AHA! SO THIS IS WHY HE WAS RUNNING!



I GUESS I'M A LAZY BONES LIKE YOU!

A W-W YOU AIN'T A LAZY BONES NEITHER!

ME? I'M A REGULAR SECRET KEEPER!

SS-SS-SH! KNEEL DOWN... WHISPER... CAN YOU KEEP A SEE-CRET?



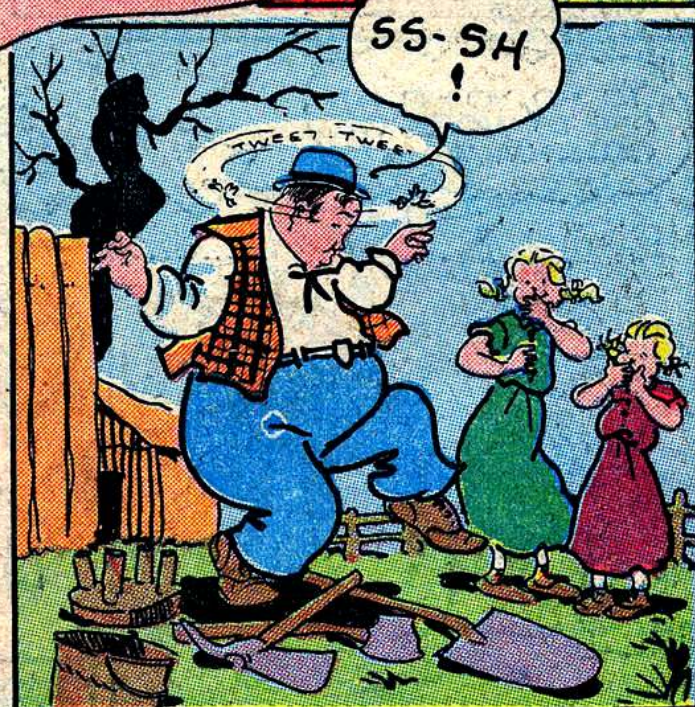
SS-SS-SH! COME CLOSER SS-SSSH!

YEH CLOSER SS-SSSH!



SS-SSS-SH, I DIDN'T WASH THE DISHES. WILL YOU WASH THEM FOR ITTY ME?

?



SS-SH!

TWEET TWEET



HE!
HE!

SS-SH...

HE!
HE!

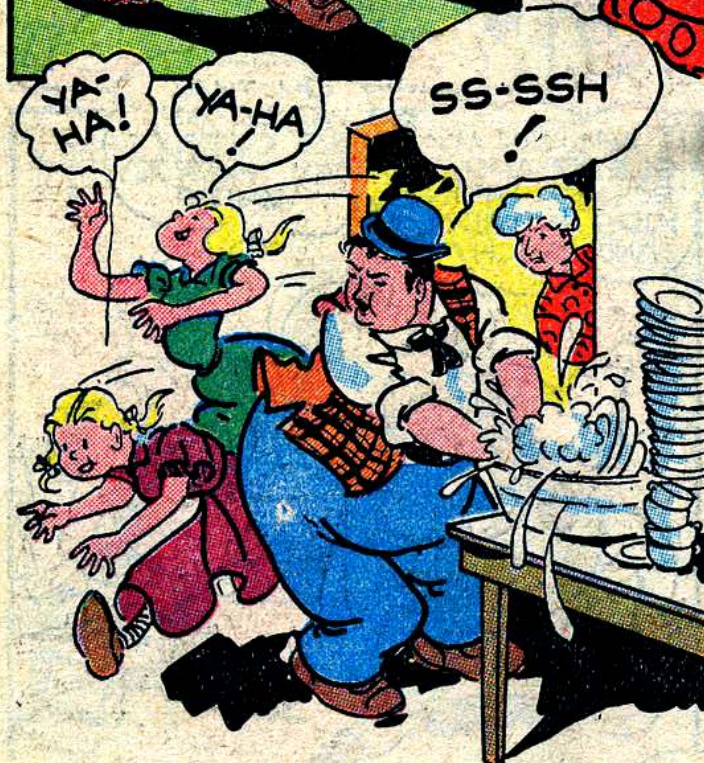


SING-GG
WILLOW, TIT
WILLOW, TIT
WILLOW...



YA-HA! YA-HA!
MAW IS FIXIN' FOR
COURTIN', MAW IS
FIXIN' FOR COURTIN'!

?



YA-
HA!

YA-HA

SS-SSH



CONSARN YOUNG
NUTS MAKIN' ALL
THAT NOISE---THEY'LL
BE GETTIN' THAT WIDOW
IN HERE AN' CATCH
ME!



I
HAVE
CAUGHT YOU
!



SO YOU
DID THE
CHORES---
THEN
SLIPPED
IN TO DO
THE
DISHES!



ALL
FOR ME!

GRAB



WHY ARE YOU ALL SET TO RUN?

THA WIDOW WANTS TO MARRY ME!

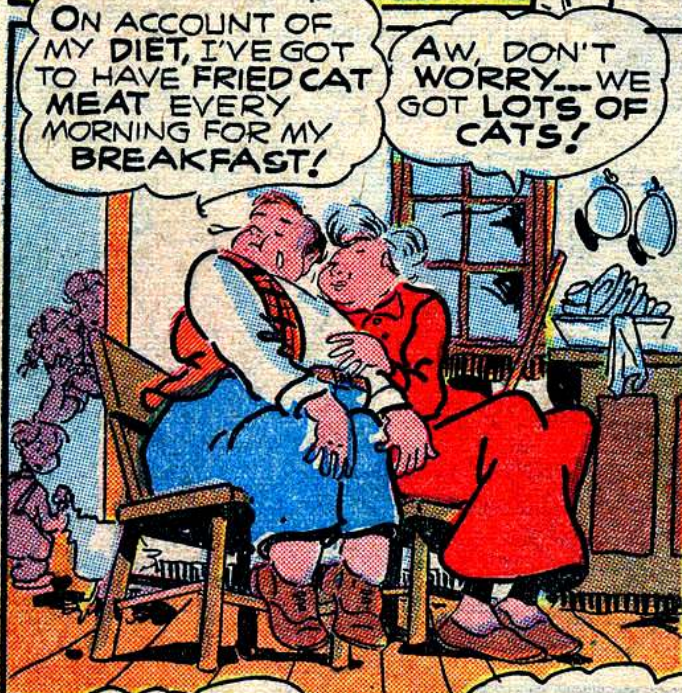


AREN'T YOU A SALESMAN? SELL HER THE IDEA YOU ARE UNFIT!

OKAY I'LL GIVE HER THA OLD HIGH-POWER ROUTINE!



WIDOW HAWKINS I'D LIKE TO MARRY YOU...BUT (SIGH)... I'VE GOT A LOT OF DRAWBACKS!



ON ACCOUNT OF MY DIET, I'VE GOT TO HAVE FRIED CAT MEAT EVERY MORNING FOR MY BREAKFAST!

AW, DON'T WORRY...WE GOT LOTS OF CATS!



I WALK IN MY SLEEP AND I GO 'ROUND BITING KIDS AN' WIDOWS AND SUCH!

OH, THAT WOULD BE SO CUTE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!



MY FEET AIN'T MATES AND THEY CAN'T BE FIXED!

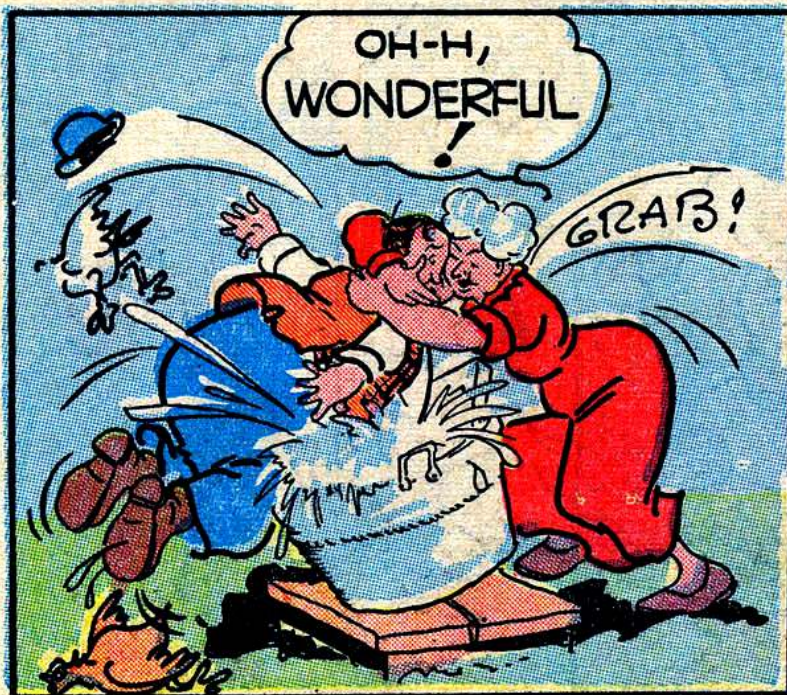
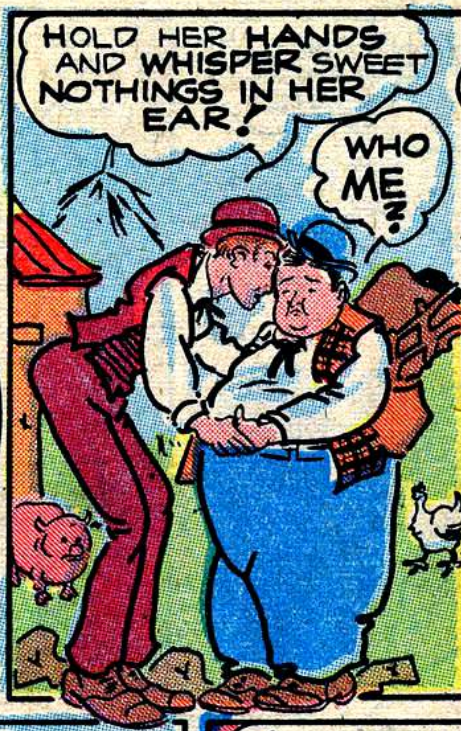
MAW'S GOT 'IM

OH, I'M SO-O-O USED TO THAT! MR. HAWKINS HAD THE SAME TROUBLE!



NO SALE!

I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA!



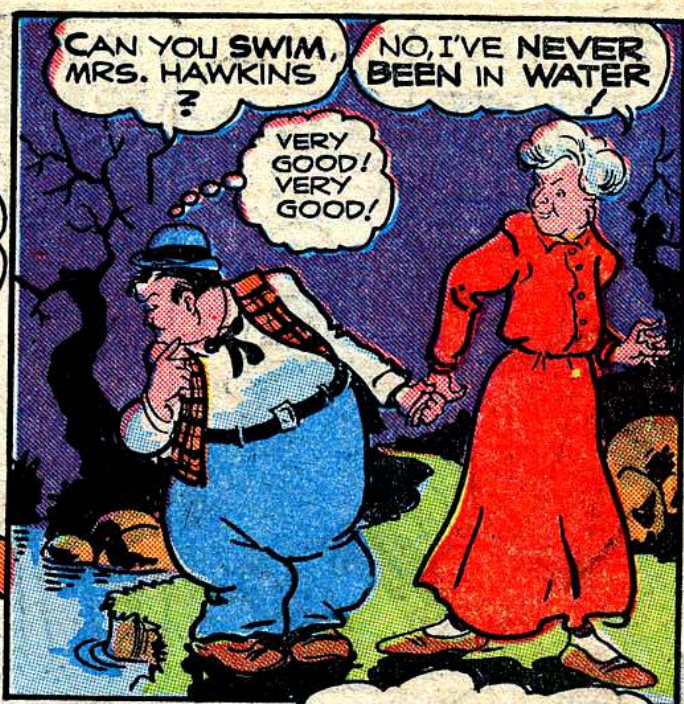


THIS WAS ABBOTT'S IDEA!



HASN'T HE THE ROMANTIC THOUGHTS?

WELL, YES AND NO!



CAN YOU SWIM, MRS. HAWKINS?

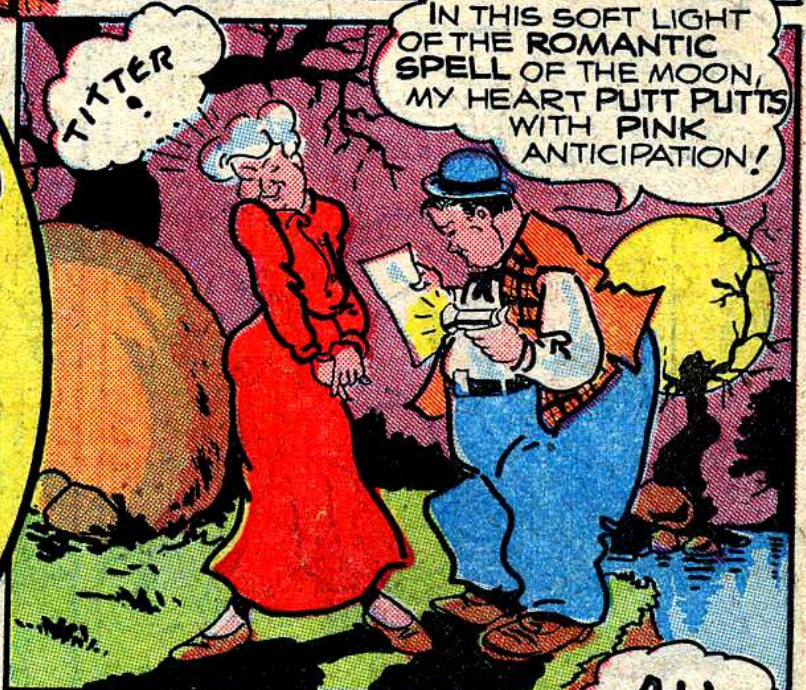
NO, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN WATER!

VERY GOOD! VERY GOOD!



YES-SS, YES-SS!

WIDOW HAWKINS I'VE GOT SOME SWEET NOTHINGS TO TELL YOU!



TITTER

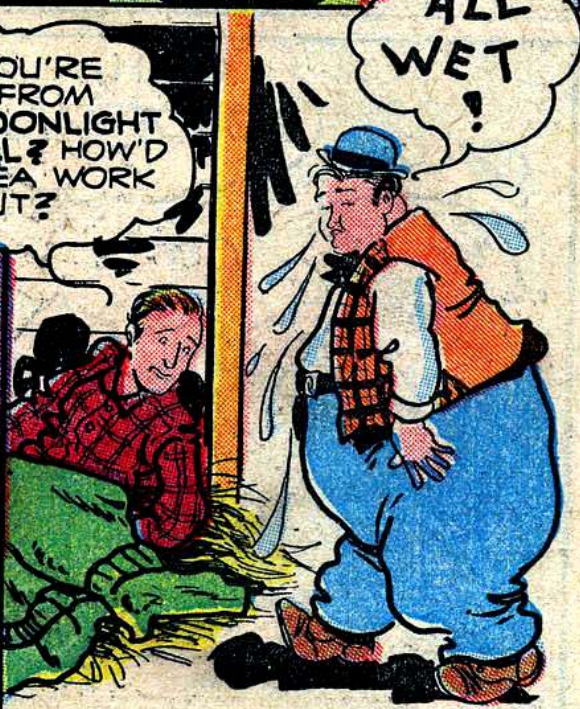
IN THIS SOFT LIGHT OF THE ROMANTIC SPELL OF THE MOON, MY HEART PUTT PUTTS WITH PINK ANTICIPATION!



AW-W, I BET YOU TELL THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS!

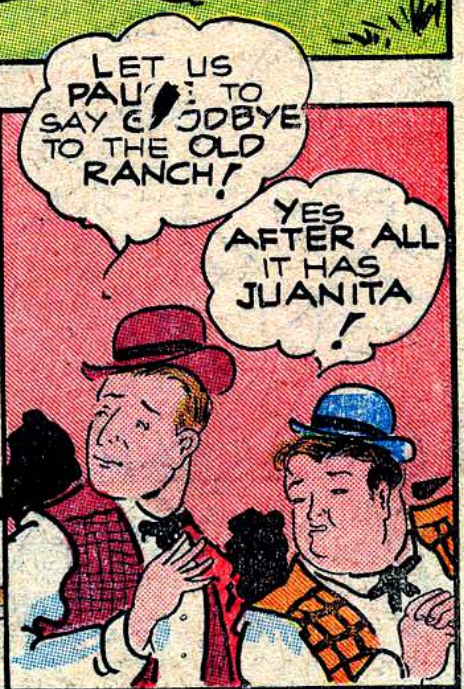
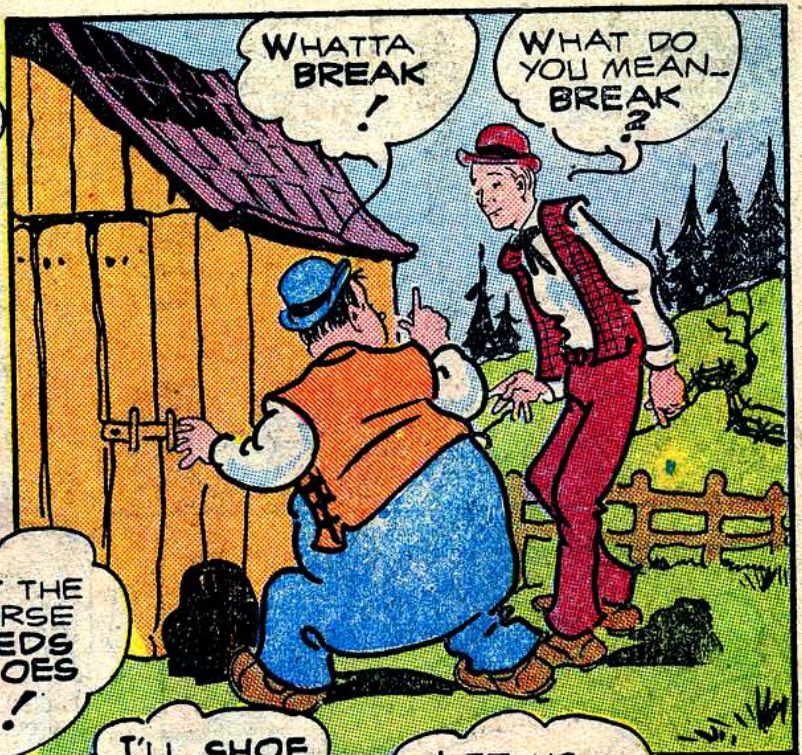
SLAP

OH, YOU'RE BACK FROM THE MOONLIGHT STROLL? HOW'D MY IDEA WORK OUT?



ALL WET!

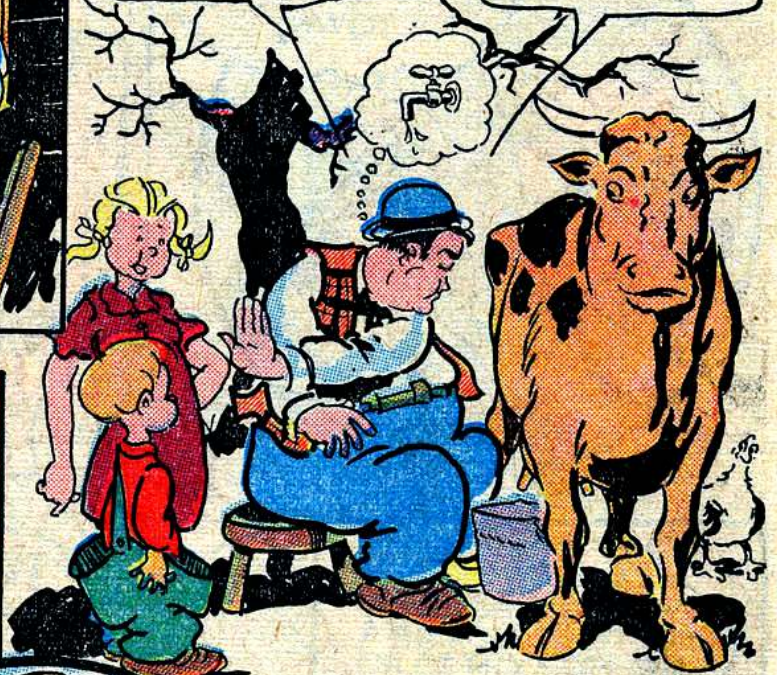
NEXT MORNING! IS THIS A CHANCE TO GO GALLOPING AWAY?



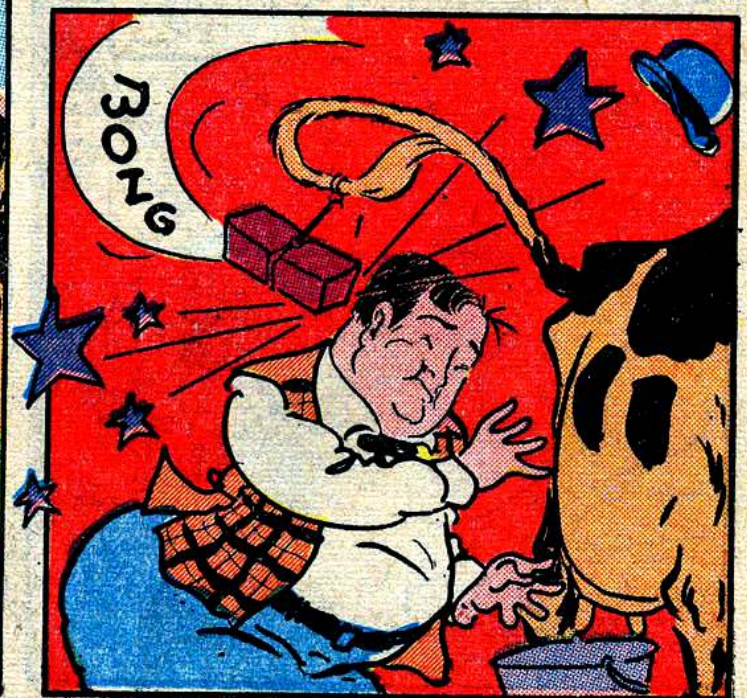
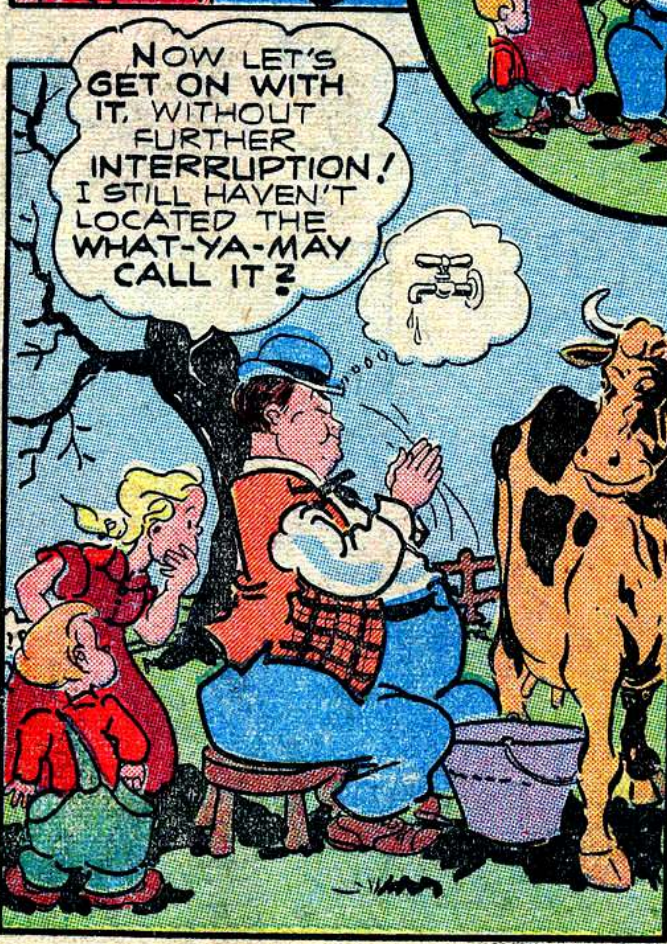
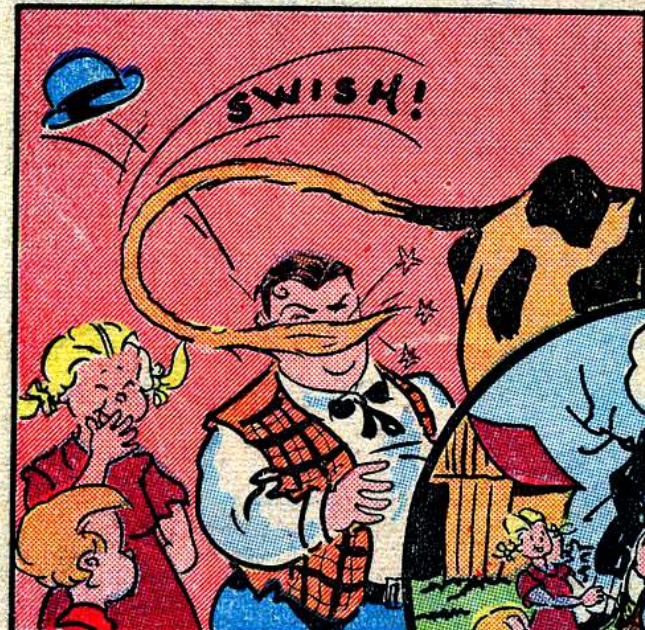


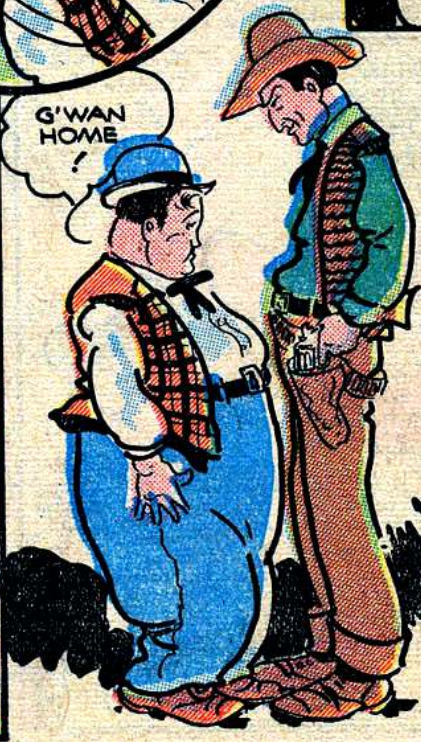
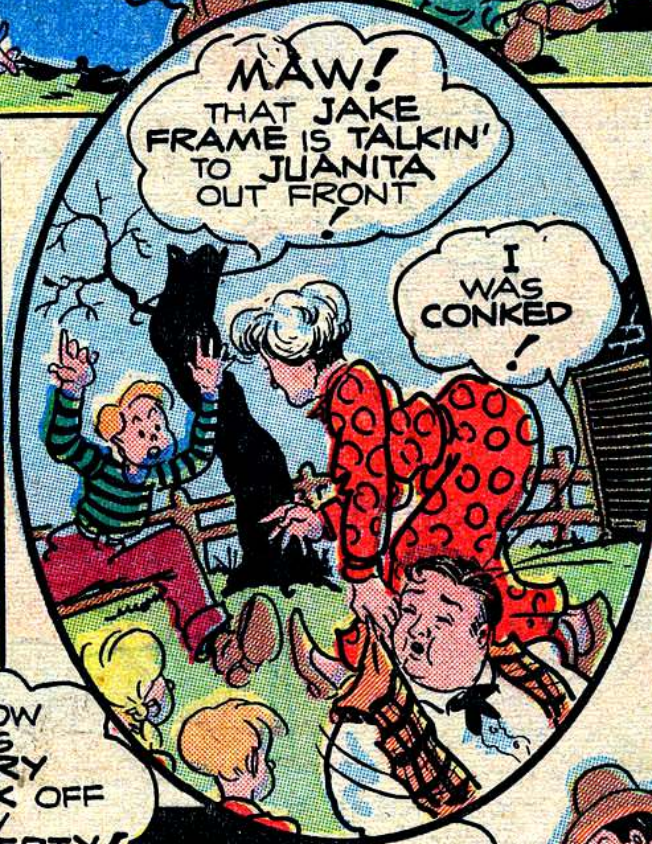
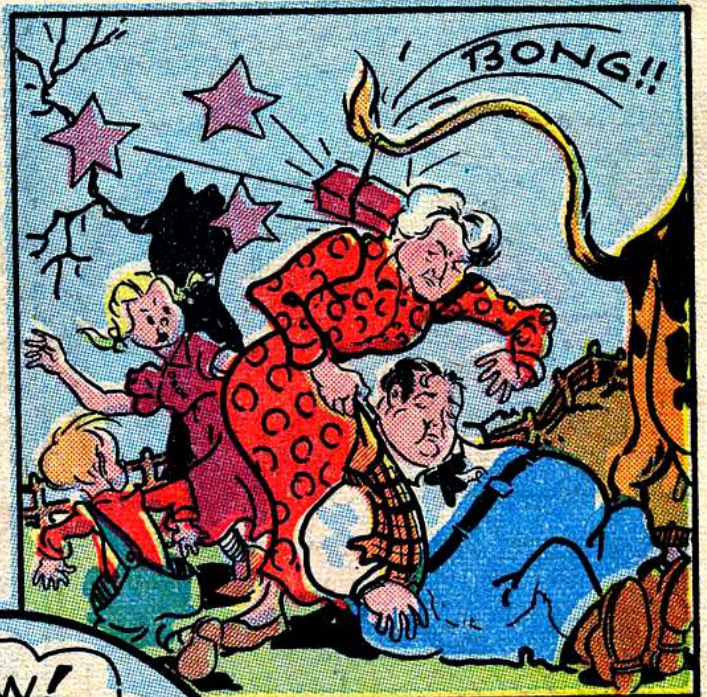
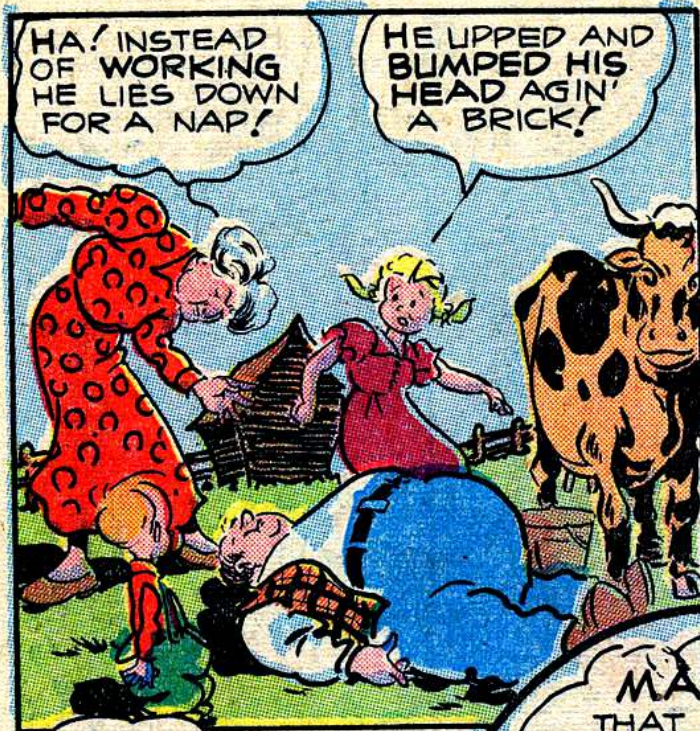
ALL SET AND
STILL SETTIN!
NOW WILL THE
CROWD PLEASE
STAND BACK!

HAH, NOW TO
TURN IT ON.
LET'S SEE...
WHERE IS
THE...HM-MM?



OH-H, TIE THIS ON
ITS TAIL AND
WEIGHT IT DOWN.
VERY S'MPLE





I WAS ABOUT TO
THROW HIM
OFF MYSELF,
MRS. HAWKINS

JUST
TRY IT!

YOUR
LATE
HUSBAND
OWED ME
\$1,100!

AND I THINK
JAKE IS
GENEROUS TO GIVE
ME A CHANCE TO
PAY OFF THE FAMILY
DEBT!

THIS IS A
FAMILY
MATTER, JIM
SIMPSON... IT'S
MR. COSTELLO'S
JOB!

JAKE ONLY
CAME HERE
TO GET MY
ANSWER ABOUT
SINGING IN THE
ROUND-UP
TAVERN!

YOUNG
LADY, AS
YOUR GUARDIAN,
I FORBID YOU
TO SET FOOT
IN THAT
TAVERN

THERE IS
A REASON FOR
MY WANTING
YOU TO WORK
IN THE
ROUND-UP!

THEN IT IS YOUR
RESPONSIBILITY
TO GO TO WORK
FOR FRAME AND
WORK OFF
THE DEBT!

BUT I
WORK HERE
ALREADY

SINCE
YOU PUT IT
THAT WAY... HM...
WORKING IN A
TAVERN MIGHT
BE A GOOD
EXPERIENCE
FOR A GIRL!

WHAT IS JIM'S
REASON?... LET
US LISTEN...

WHAT JIM SAID
TO COSTELLO:

"YOU DIDN'T
KILL HAWKINS!
KNOLLS THE
UNDERTAKER
BROKE DOWN
AND TOLD ME
HAWKINS MUST
HAVE BEEN
DEAD 30 MINUTES
BEFORE YOU
CAME TO
WAGON GAP!
THE PLACE TO
FIND OUT WHO
DID THE KILLING
IS AT THE
ROUND-UP
TAVERN

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO
EARN A COUPLE OF
FAST HORSES AND
A STAKE TO GET TO
CALIFORNIA?

YEAH
?

IF YOU FIND OUT
WHEN THE GOLD IS
COMING THROUGH,
I'LL GIVE YOU THE
HORSES!

OKAY
I'LL BUZZ
SIMPSON!

AHA!
JUST THE MAN
I WANTED TO
RUN INTO

WHAT
THA...
?

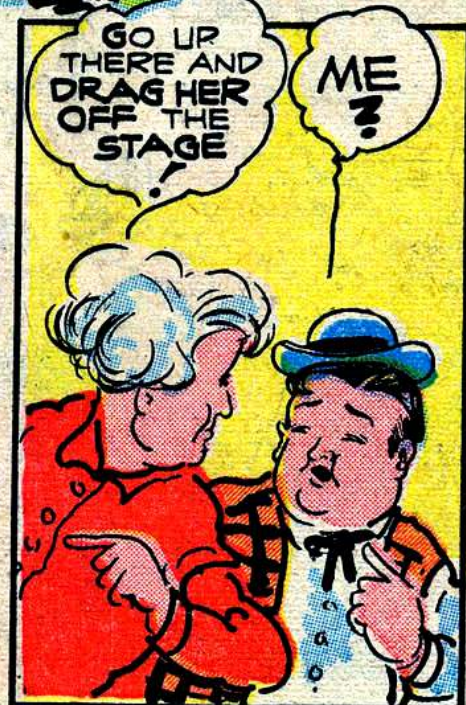
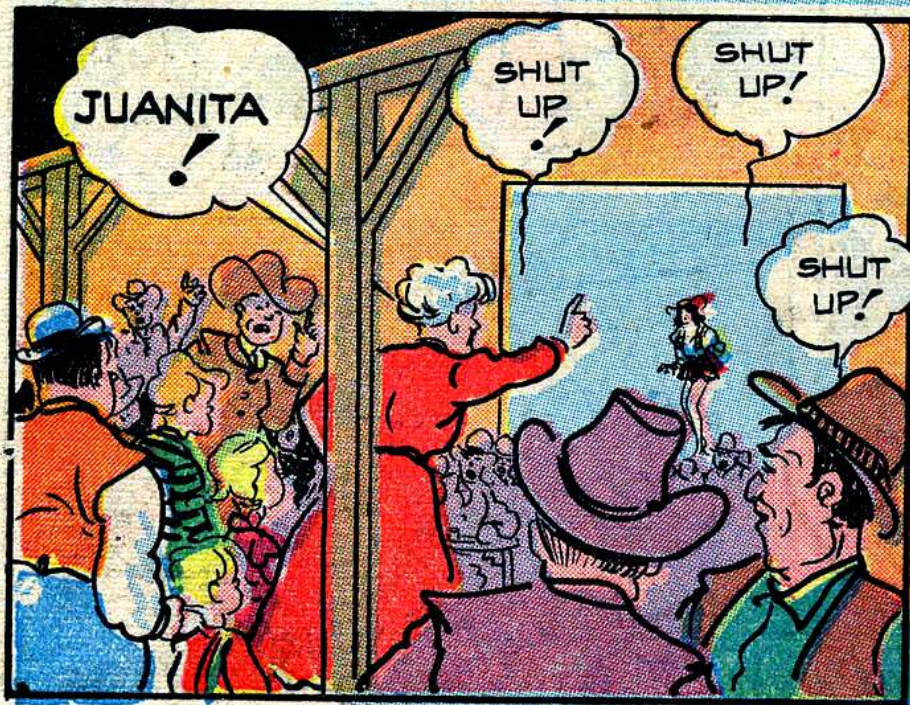
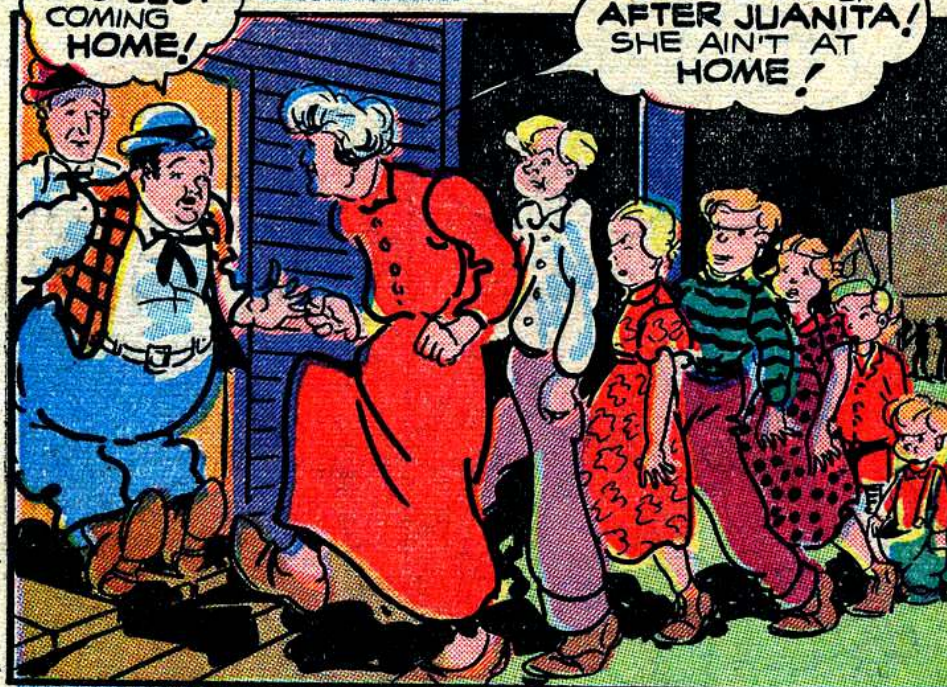
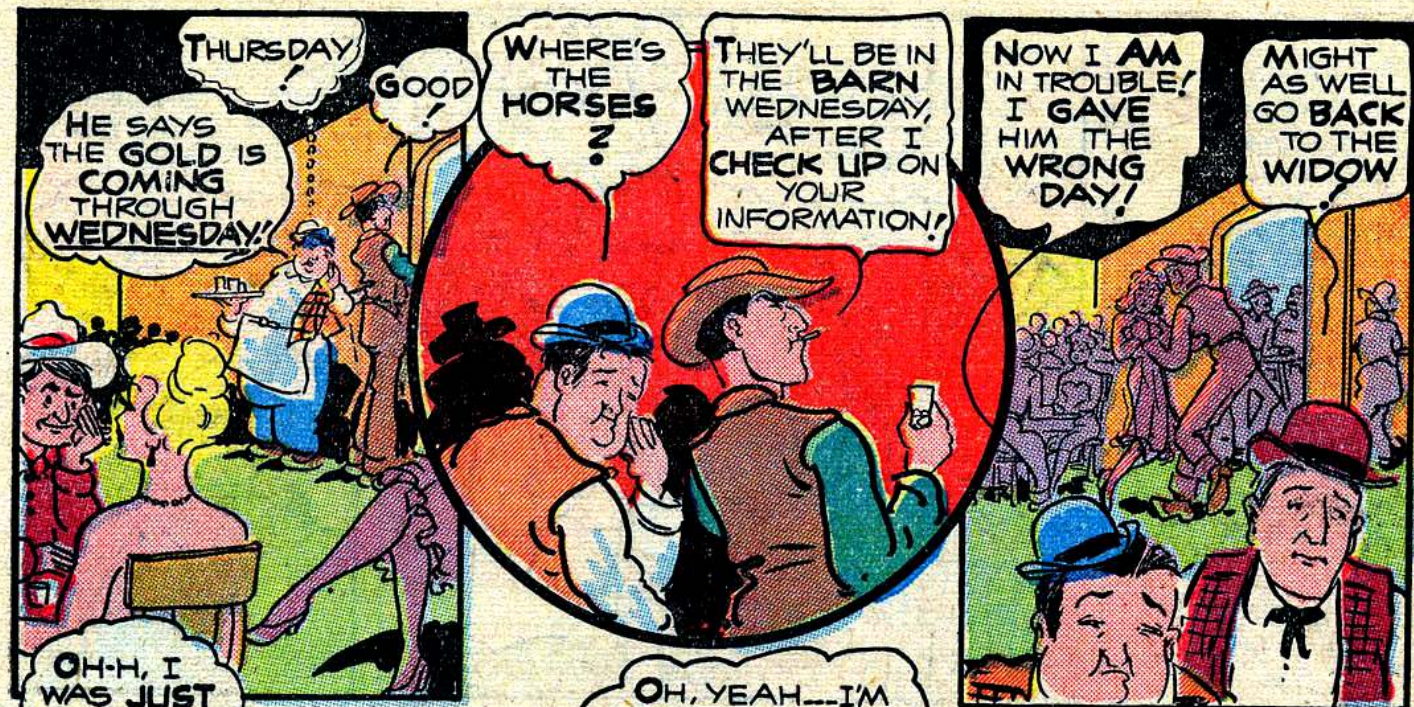
WHEN IS THE NEXT
GOLD SHIPMENT
COMING THROUGH?
MR. FRAME WANTS
TO KNOW BUT I
MUSTN'T SAY SO

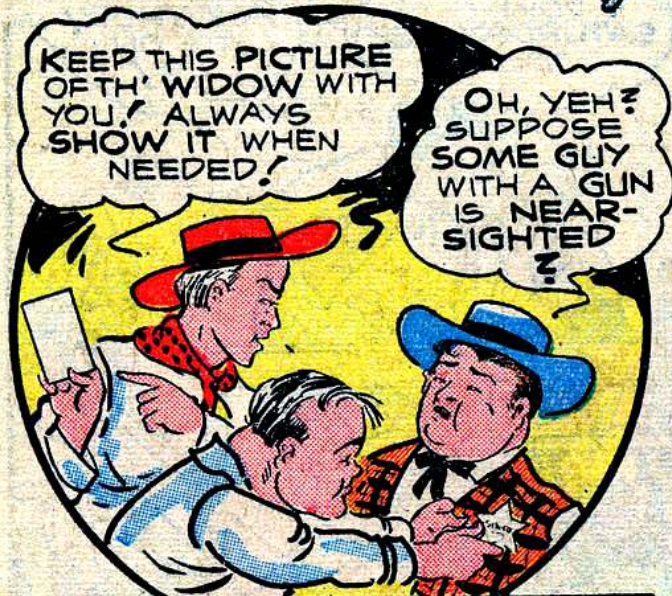
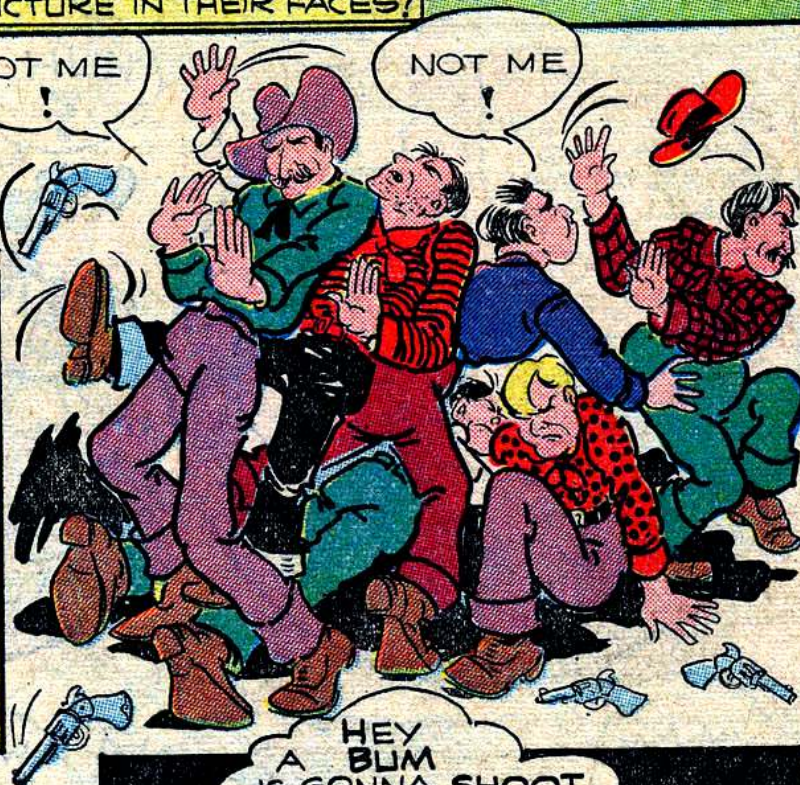
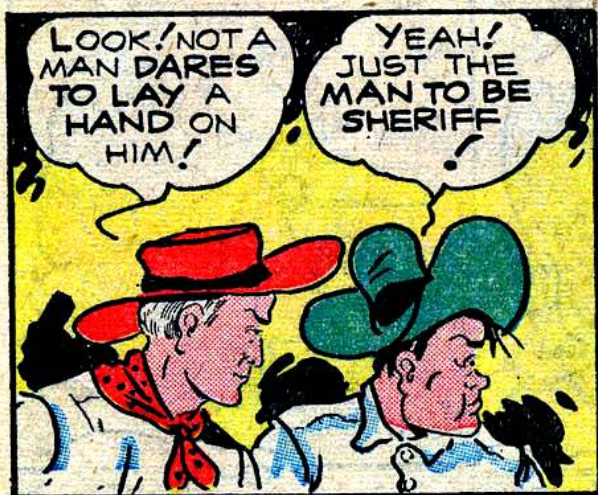
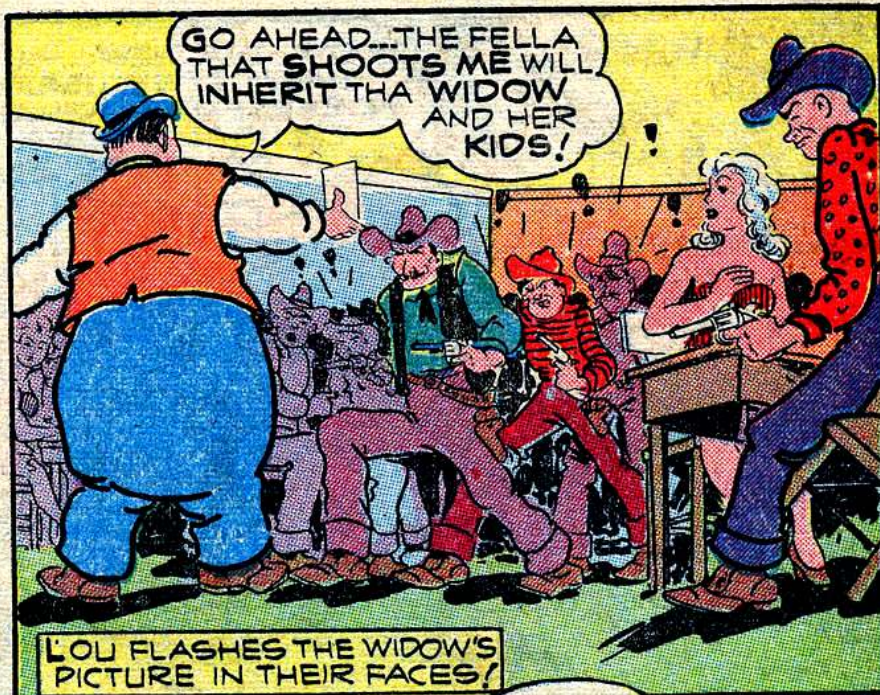
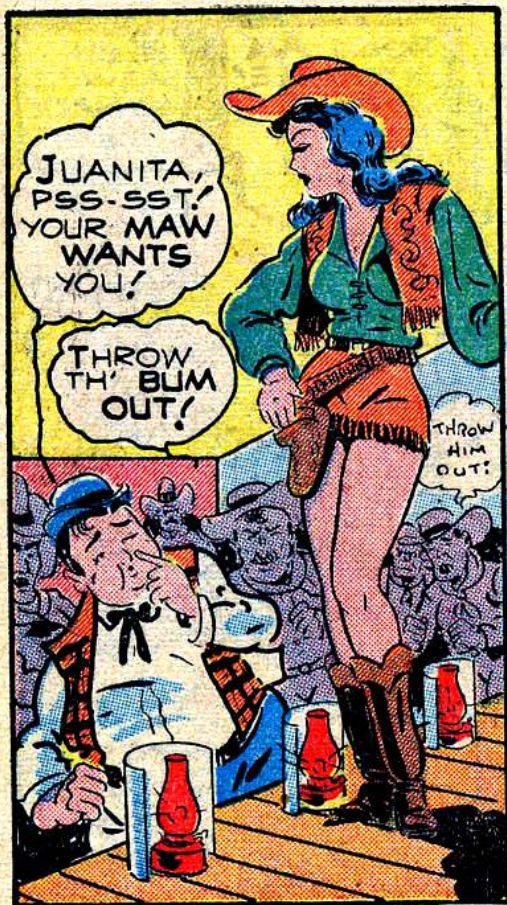
THURSDAY
!

THURSDAY!
OH, BOY
THANKS

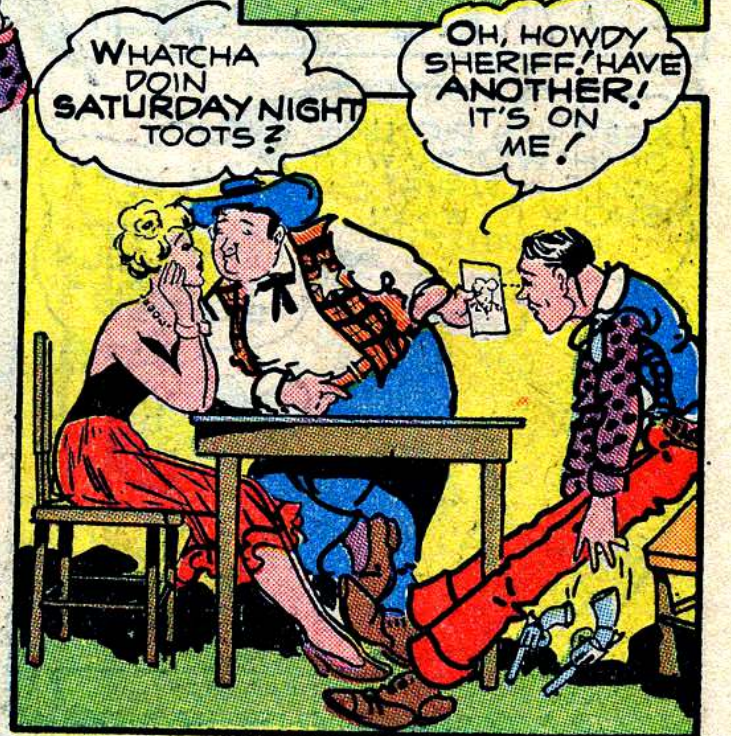
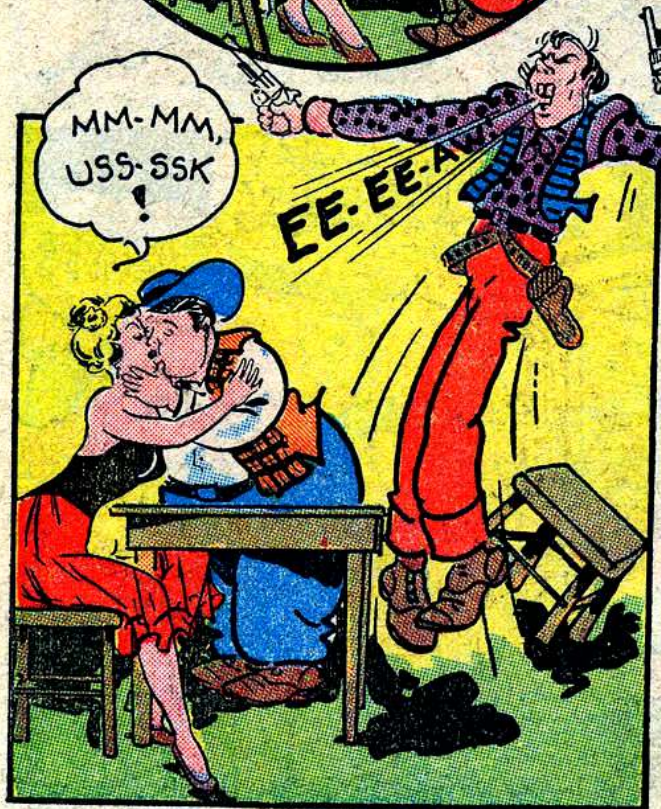
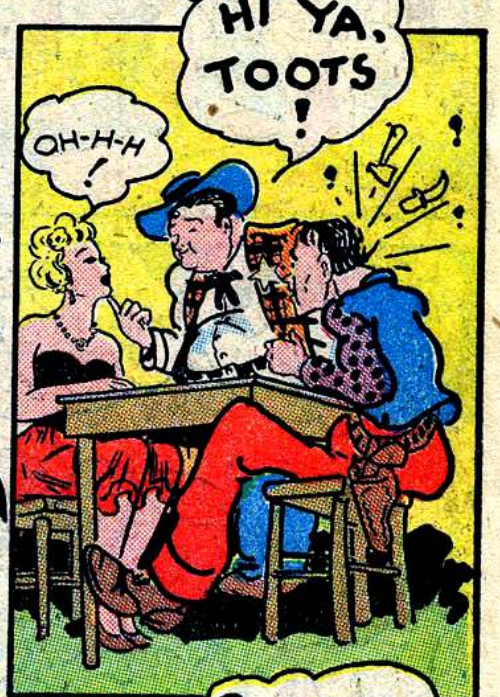
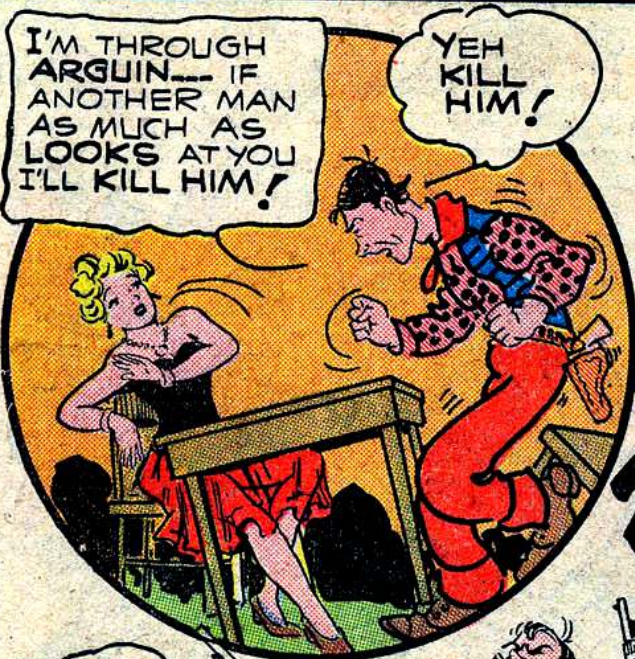
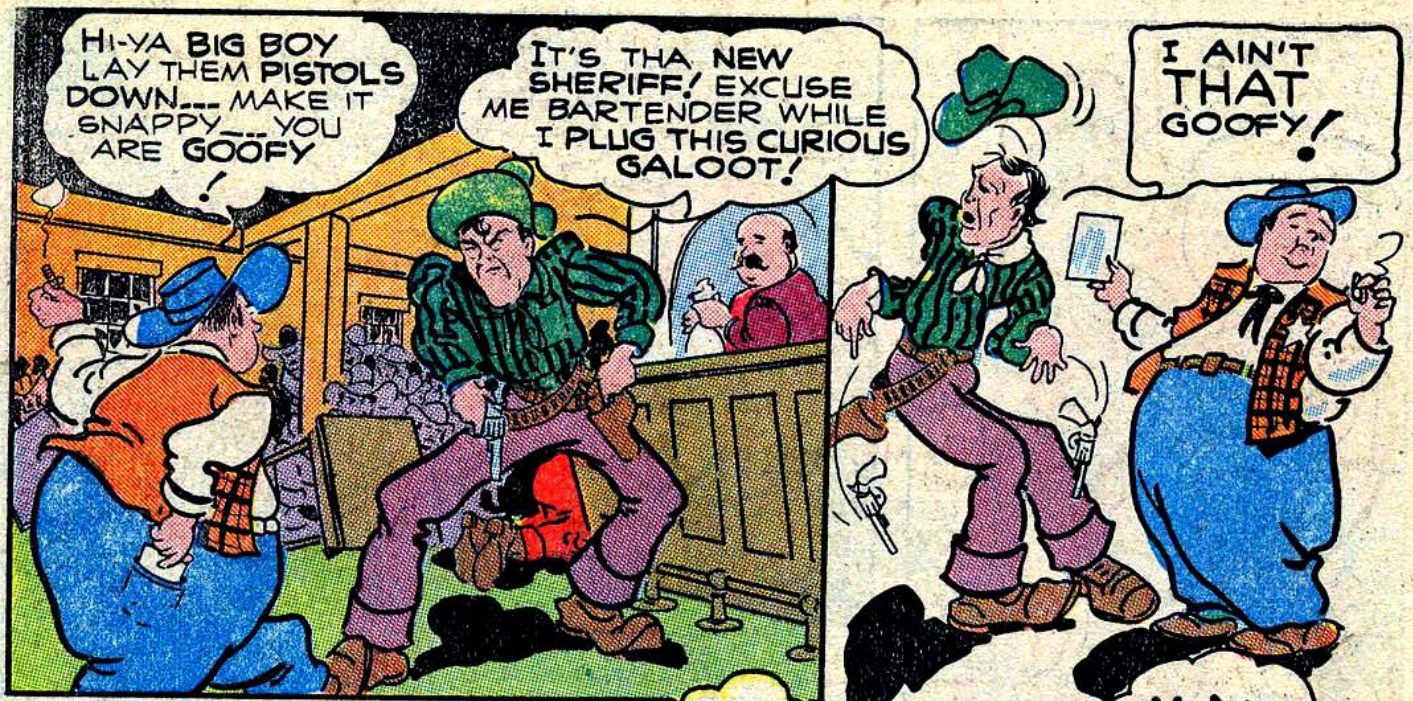
WHY DID
YOU DO THAT?
THE GOLD COMES
THROUGH
WEDNESDAY

SO WE CAN SET
A TRAP FOR
FRAME AND
HIS GANG ON
THURSDAY!





THE SCENE SHIFTS TO TH' SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND COSTELLO GETS A BADGE



SS-SH!
I'VE FIXED
IT SO WE
CAN GET
AWAY!

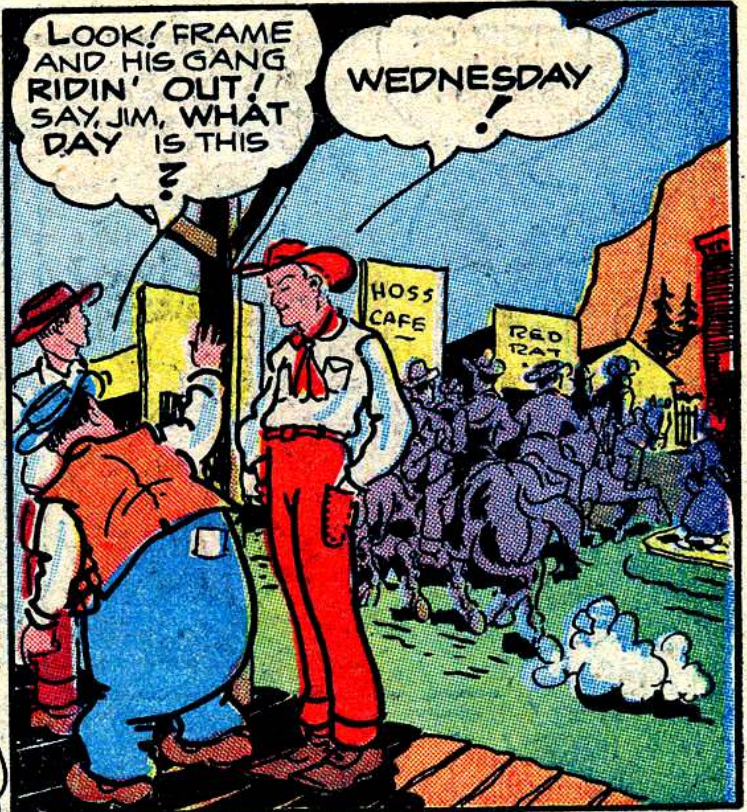
HOW?
?



THE FIX-
ABBOTT
HAS
SPREAD A
FAKE STORY
THAT THE
RAILROAD
RIGHT-OF-
WAY WILL GO
THROUGH
THE WIDOW'S
RANCH
MAKING HER
VERY RICH.
THE JUDGE,
FRAME, AND
EVERY OTHER
MAN IN
TOWN WILL
WANT
TO MARRY
HER!

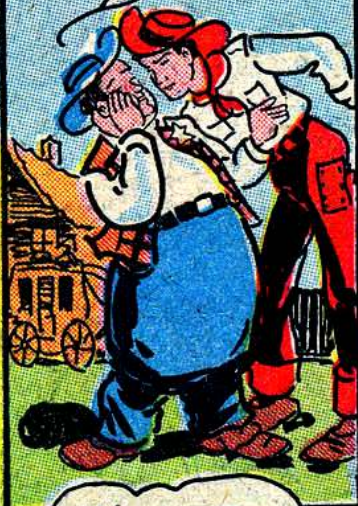
LOOK! FRAME
AND HIS GANG
RIDIN' OUT!
SAY, JIM, WHAT
DAY IS THIS
?

WEDNESDAY
!



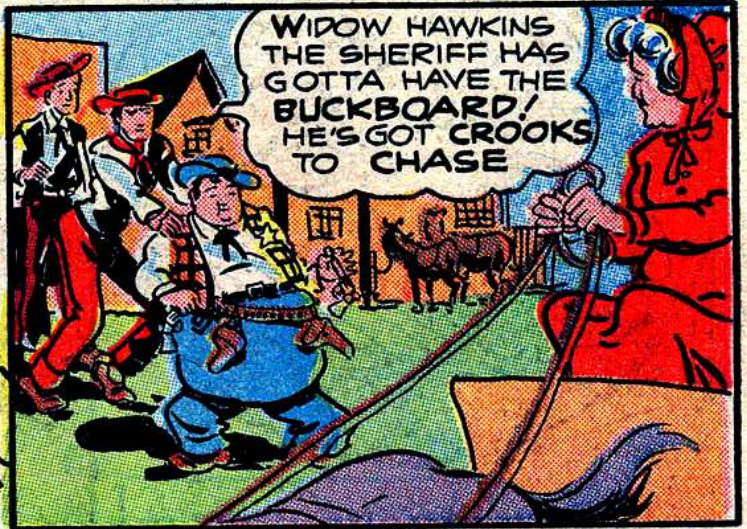
THIS WILL
KILL YOU... I
GAVE FRAME
THE WRONG
DAY!

BUT THE
SHIPMENT OF
GOLD IS COMING
THROUGH
TODAY! GET
OUT THERE
AND STOP THE
ROBBERY



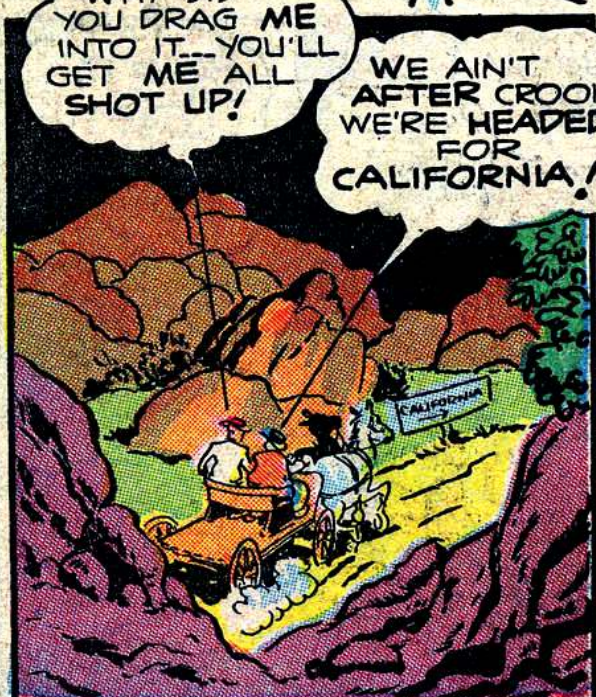
JAKE FRAME AND HIS GANG GALLOP BY...

WIDOW HAWKINS
THE SHERIFF HAS
GOTTA HAVE THE
BUCKBOARD!
HE'S GOT CROOKS
TO CHASE



WHY DID
YOU DRAG ME
INTO IT... YOU'LL
GET ME ALL
SHOT UP!

WE AIN'T
AFTER CROOKS!
WE'RE HEADED
FOR
CALIFORNIA!

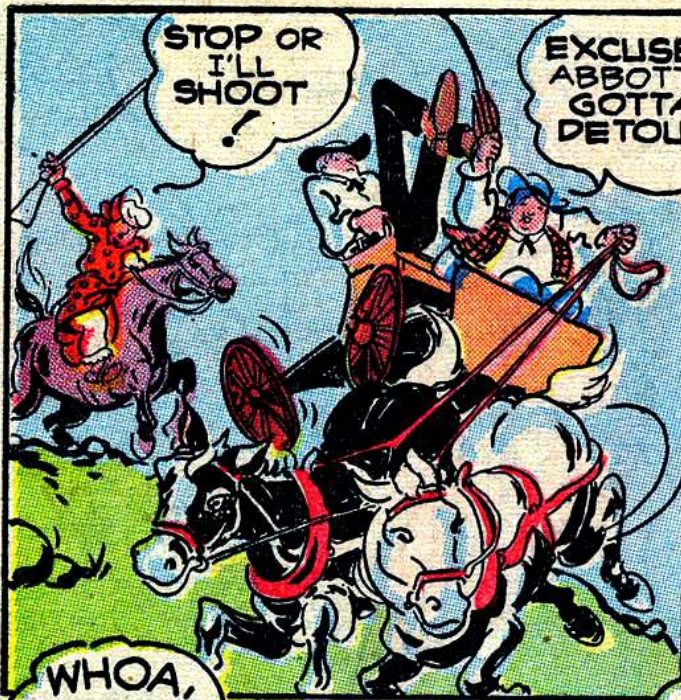


HALT
!

I THOUGHT YOU
GALLOOTS WOULD
TRY A GET-AWAY!
I HEADED YOU
OFF!

OOPS!
IT'S THE
WIDOW
!





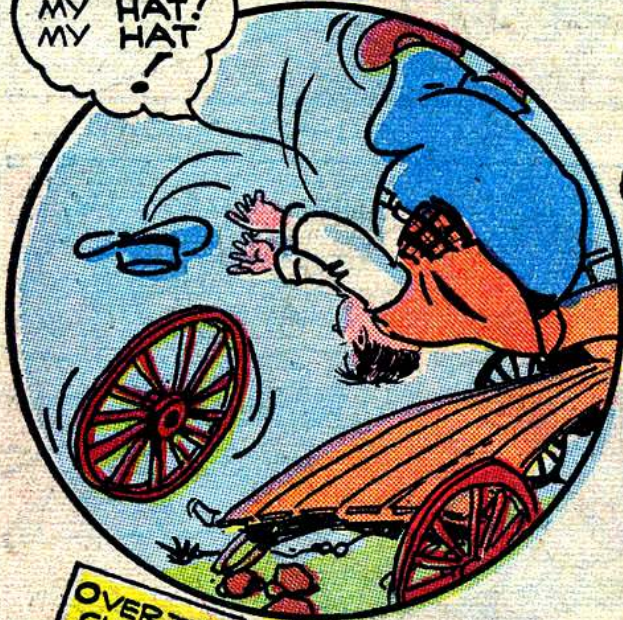
EXCUSE IT, ABBOTT, I'VE GOTTA DETOUR!

YOU AIN'T GOT THA PICTURE! I SNITCHED IT!

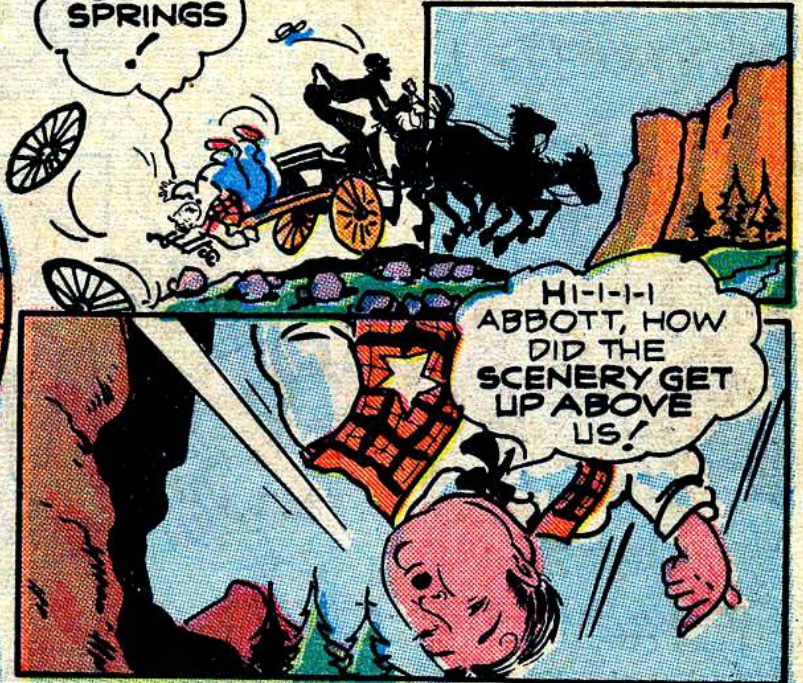
ABBOTT GRAB THE REINS TILL I GET OUT THE PICTURE

PICTURE IS NO USE THIS TIME, DUMB HEAD!

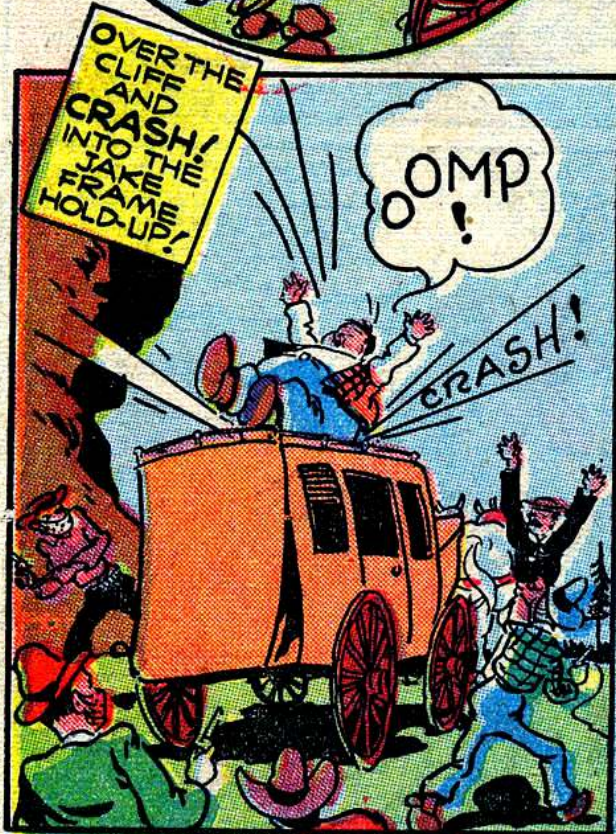
WHOA, MY HAT! MY HAT!



BUM SPRINGS



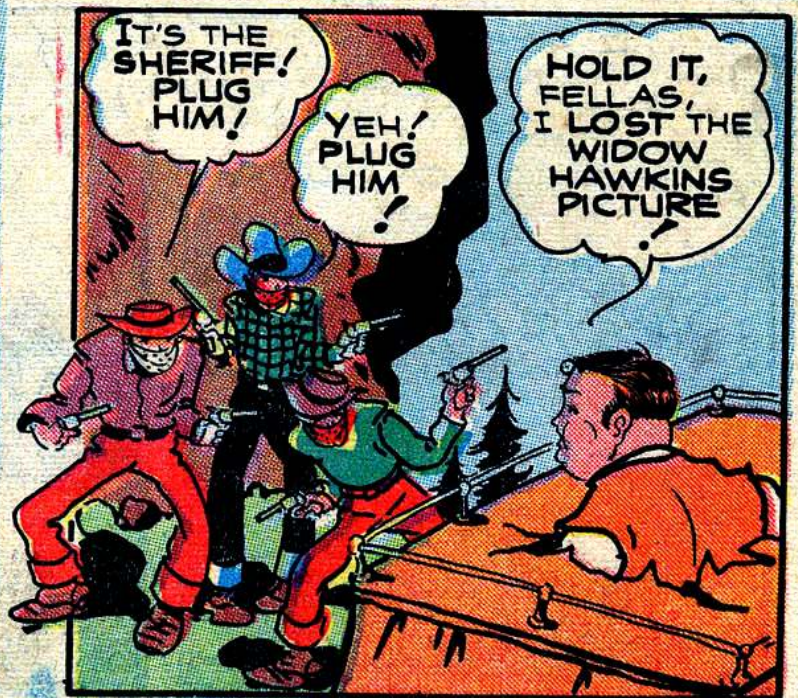
HI-I-I-I ABBOTT, HOW DID THE SCENERY GET UP ABOVE US!

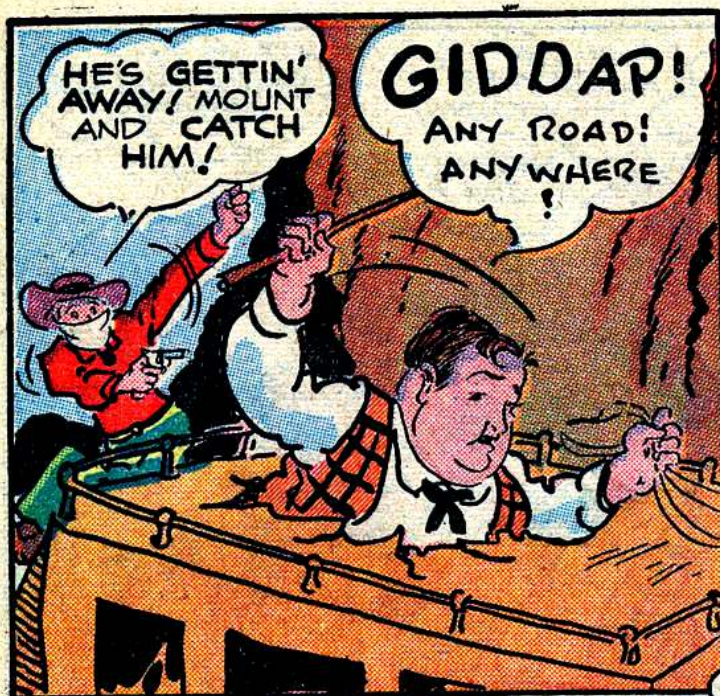


IT'S THE SHERIFF! PLUG HIM!

YEH! PLUG HIM!

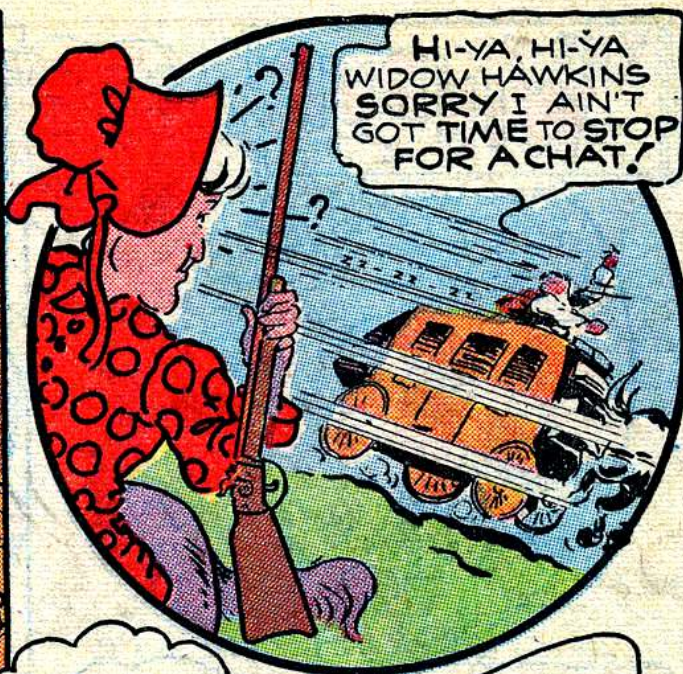
HOLD IT, FELLAS, I LOST THE WIDOW HAWKINS PICTURE!



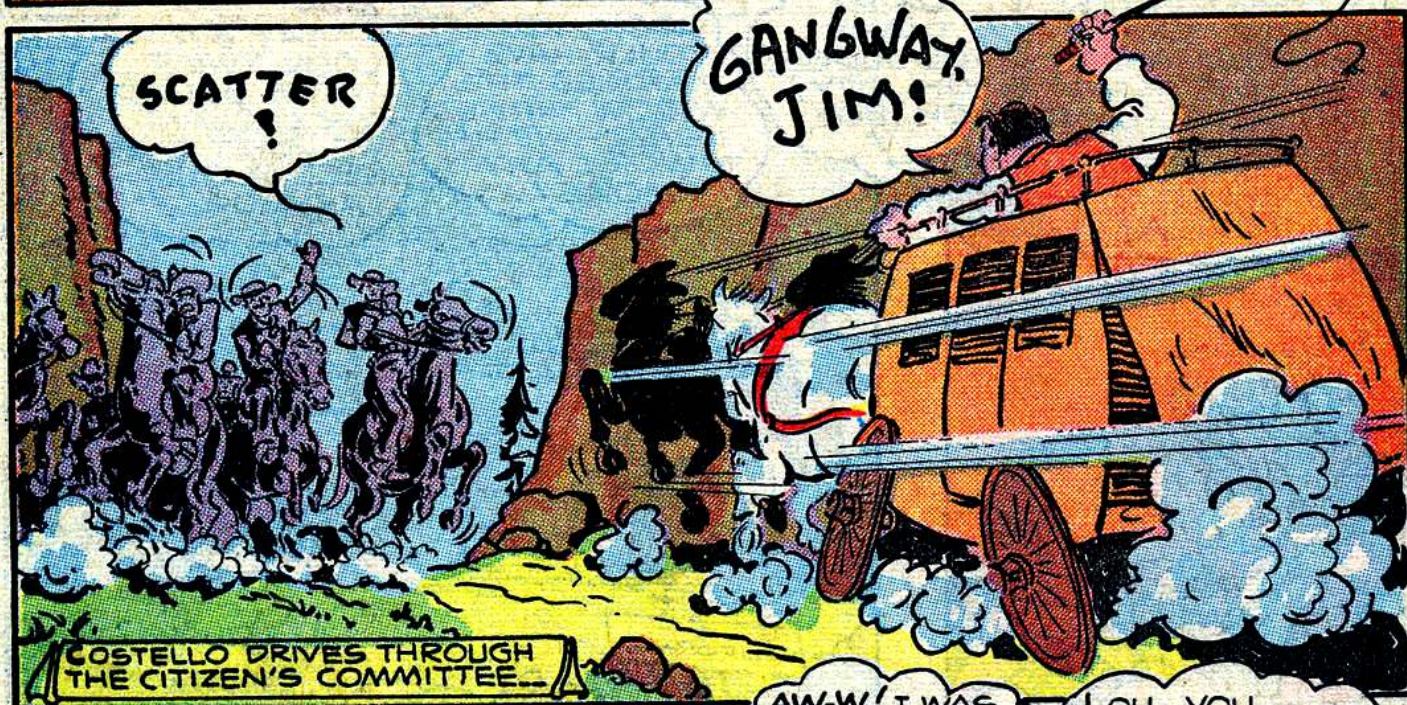


HE'S GETTIN' AWAY! MOUNT AND CATCH HIM!

GIDDAP!
ANY ROAD!
ANYWHERE!



HI-YA, HI-YA
WIDOW HAWKINS
SORRY I AIN'T
GOT TIME TO STOP
FOR A CHAT!



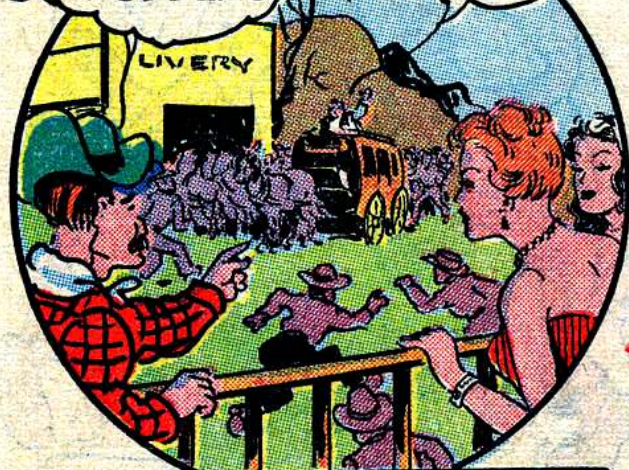
SCATTER!

GANGWAY,
JIM!

COSTELLO DRIVES THROUGH
THE CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE...

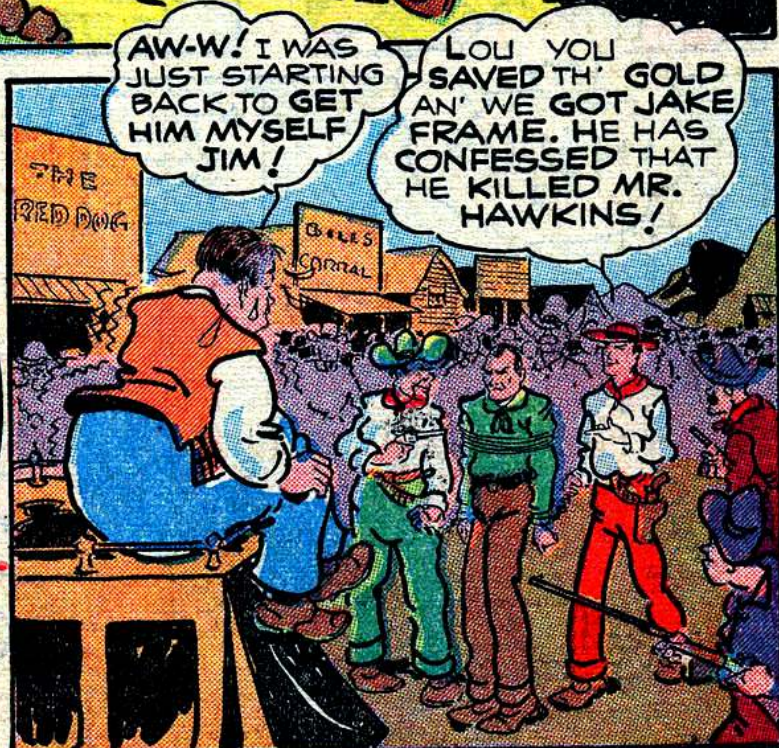
IT'S THE
SHERIFF! HE
TOOK TH' STAGE
AWAY FROM TH'
ROBBERS

HOWDY
NEIGHBORS!



LIVERY

THE HORSES DASH ALL THE WAY
BACK TO TOWN INTO THEIR STABLES

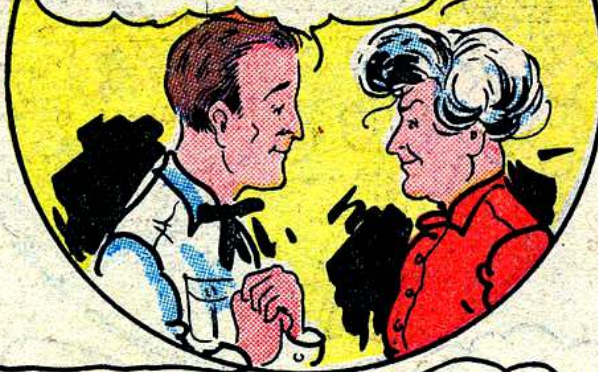


AW-W! I WAS
JUST STARTING
BACK TO GET
HIM MYSELF
JIM!

LOU YOU
SAVED TH' GOLD
AN' WE GOT JAKE
FRAME. HE HAS
CONFESSIONED THAT
HE KILLED MR.
HAWKINS!

THE WINDUP

MRS. HAWKINS, I'M SORRY I SPREAD A FAKE STORY ABOUT A RAILROAD RIGHT-OF-WAY.



BUT IT IS TRUE! IT IS COMING THROUGH MY RANCH! I'LL BE VERY RICH!

AND I'M MARRYING THE WIDOW!

AND I'M MARRYING THE HEIRESS

NICE GOIN', JIM!

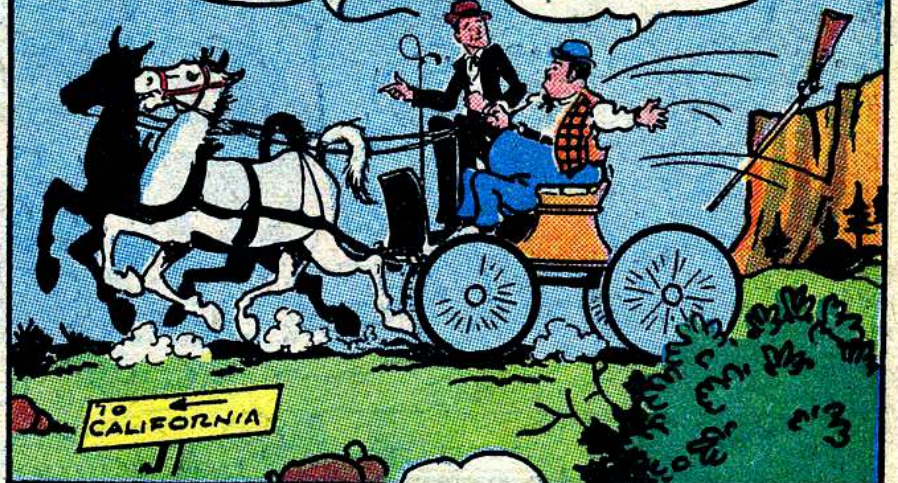


IN CONSIDERATION OF YOUR SAVING THE GOLD AND CLEANING THE TOWN OF OUTLAWS, WE ARE HANDING YOU A FINE TEAM AND STAKE TO CALIFORNIA!

OH-H! THANK YOU JUDGE! OH, BOY! OH, BOY!

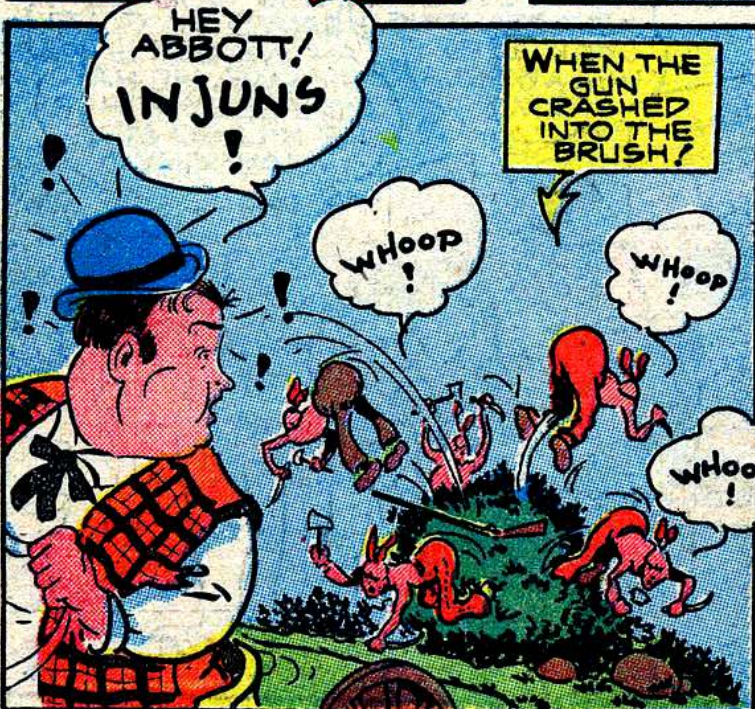
LOOK, YOU COULD HAVE MARRIED THE WIDOW AND WE'D NEVER HAVE HAD TO WORK ANY MORE!

YEH? BUT LOOK TWICE—WE'RE BOUND FOR CAL, AND WE DON'T EVEN NEED A GUN ANYMORE!



HEY ABBOTT! IN JUNS!

WHEN THE GUN CRASHED INTO THE BRUSH?



WHOO!

WHOO!



THE END

for one cent, see? Then I deliver the letter myself, see? Then I make plenty of cabbage too, see?"

"Then you get arrested for breaking the postal laws, see?" Abbott shouted.

"Aah, what can they do to me? I'm a citizen! I'm a tax-payer! I'm a voter!"

A hard voice broke into Costello's impassioned speech. "Are you Lou Costello?" asked a muscular man with a tough expression.

"That's me," Costello answered.

"You're under arrest . . . federal of fense!" announced the detective.

Abbott waited for Costello outside the courthouse. When he saw the little round man leaving the building, he yelled, "Lou! What happened?"

Costello wiped a tear from his eye. "The judge said I was a ba-a-a-d boy!" he sniffed. "He fined me five hundred dollars!"

This was too much for Abbott's patience! "Now are you satisfied?" he demanded. "Now that you've lost all your money, have you learned your lesson?"

"I still have a hundred bucks left," Costello said. "An' while the judge was talkin' to me, I got a terrific idea! I'm gonna put water in bottles the size of glasses! Then, when somebody wants a glass of water . . ."

"No, no, no! I forbid it! I'm against it! I tell you . . ."

"You don't like it, huh? Too high-class, huh? Well, how about this? Who's richer than anyone else, Abbott? A millionaire, right? So, how's about a rest home for homeless millionaires? With my money, I could . . ."

"You could march to the bank and deposit it!" Abbott ordered firmly. "For the last time, Costello, I'm telling you. Save your money and forget business. You haven't got a head for it! In fact, you haven't got a head!"

Costello's feelings were hurt. He turned away and marched down the street, without a word to Abbott. To himself, however, he said plenty. "No head!" he repeated. "All the time, he discourages me! After all, I'm a man with vision, ambition, courage! Also, I still have one hundred bucks and *that* gives me an idea!"

Late that afternoon, a truck drew up outside the office of Costello Enterprises. "Lou Costello?" the truckman inquired.

"No, I'm Abbott, I'm happy to say. *He's* Costello!" Bud Abbott pointed scornfully at pudgy Lou.

"I'll unload the stuff right here," said the truckman.

In half an hour, the office was filled, almost to the ceiling, with thousands of strange-looking objects. Costello rubbed his hands together gleefully and chuckled, "They're mine! All mine!"

Abbott's voice was a mere whisper. "Okay, so they're yours," he rasped. "Now would you mind telling me what they are?"

"Who knows?" Costello shrugged. "The War Assets Administration was selling them cheap. Government surplus, see? So I figured that if Uncle Sam's selling, who am I not to buy. The stuff's good . . . whatever it is!"

"You figured!" To Abbott, this was the last straw. "I oughta have you committed. With your last hundred bucks, you buy up a roomful of useless junk that nobody . . ."

A timid knock sounded at the door. "Come in," thundered Abbott.

"Er . . . are you Lou Costello?" a small, thin man with a worried face entered the office and looked wistfully at Bud Abbott.

"For that insult, I could kill you!" Abbott shouted. "No, I'm not Lou Costello, *he is!* And whoever you are, get out! We haven't any more money and we're not buying anything . . . so beat it!"

"Oh, but I'm not *selling* anything!" the newcomer explained. "I'm here to offer Mr. Costello a quarter of a million dollars!"

"I'll take it!" Costello said quickly.

Abbott could do nothing but gasp. "For . . . for what?" he breathed.

"For these!" answered the little man, pointing to the wooden objects. You see, these time clock handles were put on sale *by mistake!* Now, all Washington's going crazy! Without time clock handles, the government can't get any work done. *Please* sell them back to us. You *must!*"

"I said I would," Costello grinned. "Lend me your pen, Abbott!"

As Bud Abbott weakly handed Costello his fountain pen, the barrel-shaped little guy grinned again. "Hey, Abbott," he said, "with this dough, I can *really* go into business! How'd you like to be my office boy?"

Abbott and Costello are at their hilarious best in the new Universal-International picture of the early west, "The Wistful Widow of Wagon Gap." Find out when it's coming to your local theatre, then make sure to see it.

